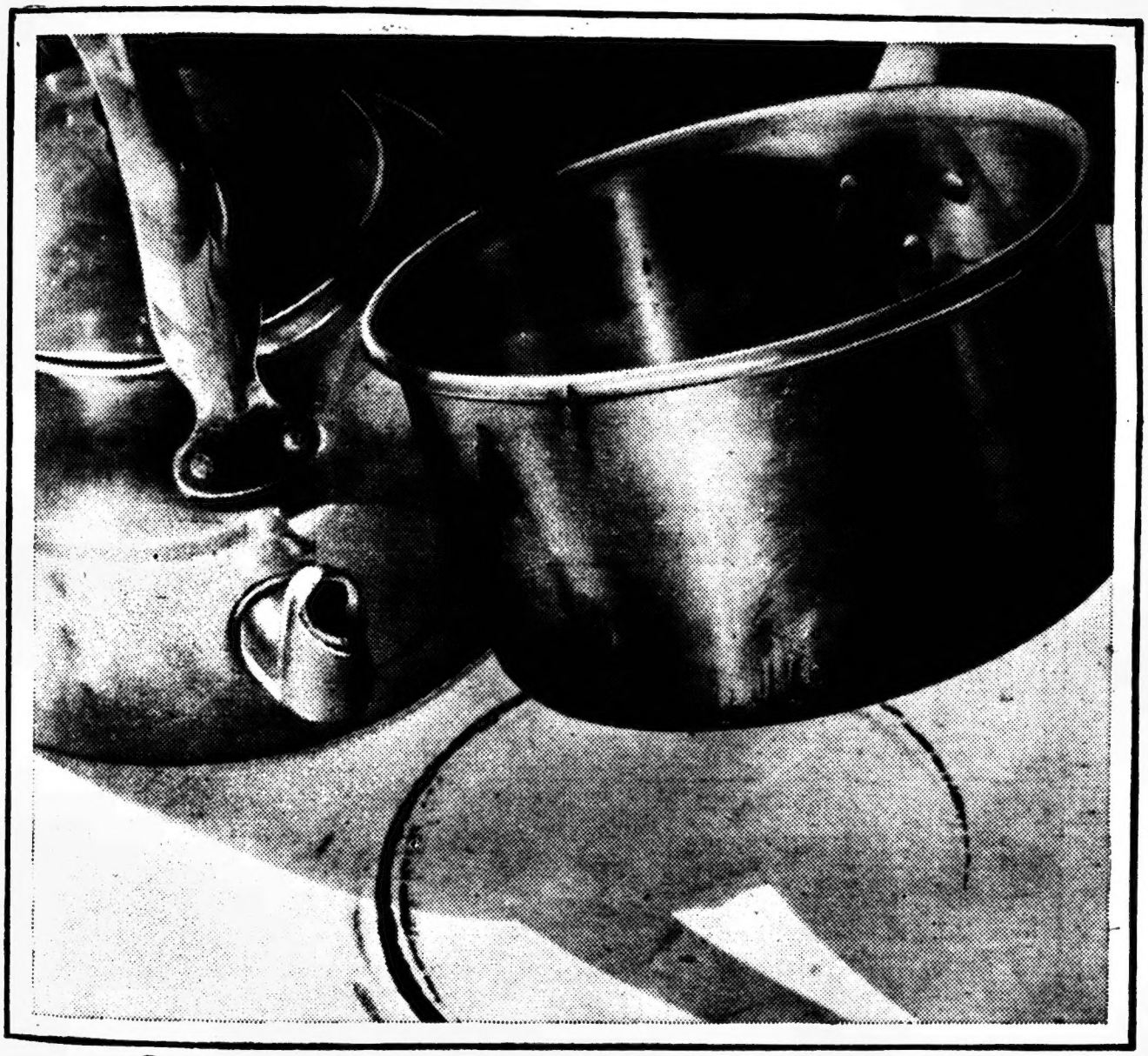
JOHN BULL, JANUARY 30, 1932

10% BONUS FOR OUR READERS. SEE PAGES 4 & 5

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LI.
No. 1337.

WHILE THERE'S GREASE . . .



YOU CAN'T HAVE EASE!

GREASE WILL HAPPEN! There's no avoiding those spills, trickles and splashes when you're cooking. So if you know what it is to scrub and scour and scrape at grease you won't want telling twice to use Glitto.

Use Glitto to take grease off everything in the kitchen and scullery. When you know that sink and stove, table and floor, knives and tiles, can be made spotless in a flash, you can well afford to smile. All done with a shake of Glitto, a rag—and a rub!

Glitto is amazingly good, too, for all cleaning and polishing. An actual trial will show you.

GLITTO KILLS GREASE

G 146-348

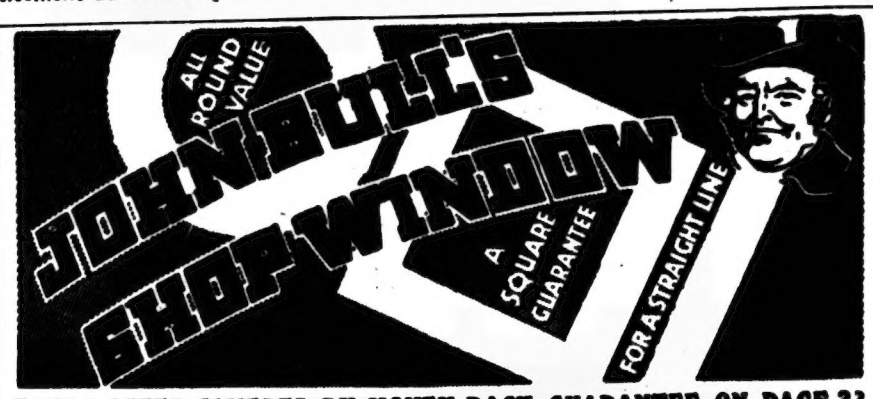
JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

SENT FREE SOLID SILVER

GENT'S WATCH
Thoroughly tested, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial. On strong leather strap, 35/6. Luminous dial and with seconds hand, 2/- extra.

LADY'S WATCH
On Moire Band, similar movement, 24/-. On expanding Solid Silver Bracelet, 29/6.
Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches. 5/- discount for cash with order.
Both warranted for 15 years.
7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.
Write for Catalogue.

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO.,
6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33

TURKISH TOWELS

FROM FACTORY TO YOUR HOME
10/- POST PER DOZ. 1/- Extra
COTTON QUEEN BRAND
Selling Agents Wanted

Lancashire Firm's amazing offer to public.
Rich Heavy Pile Turkish Towels, all Pure Lancashire Spun Yarn, without an atom of filling. Note: Full size 24 in. by 48 ins., each Towel 8 oz. weight of beautiful texture which will wash and wash.
"Cotton Queen" Towels are woven on Looms fitted with new patented towelling motion and are positively to-day's finest value in Lancashire-made Turkish Towels.
H. SMITH & CO. Ltd., Towel Factory, Burnley, Lancs.

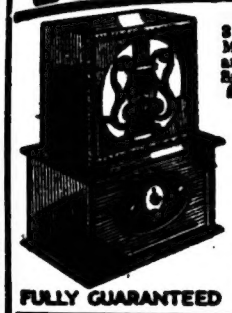
COST OVER 20/- PER PAIR

These tan shooting boots were made for U.S. Army, at a cost of over 20/- per pair, and are built of very best materials throughout. Stout tan grain uppers, ½ in. sole, hand-sewn principle, whole hill heels, everything of the best. Ideal for golf or general wear. Clearing the remaining sizes, 9, 10, 11 and 12 at 8/- per pair.

8/-

Every Pair Guaranteed.
A few pairs, Size 5 (Ideal for Boys), 6/- only. Postage 9d.
Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. (or C.O.D.)
NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

EUROPE AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS!



FULLY GUARANTEED

8 VALVE set complete with Mullard Valves, all accessories and handsome Cabinet Loud Speaker. Usual Price 35:0:0. Our Price

£5.19.6
(or 10/6 monthly)

Ready for use. Nothing more to buy. Numerous other models at similar reductions, from 70/6.
Send for illustrated list.
VICTORIA C. & C. CO., (Dept. W.36), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

RILEY'S HOME BILLIARDS 13'3 DOWN

WRITE FOR FREE ART LIST.

All the family will find endless pleasure during leisure hours with a Riley 'Home' Billiard Table. The 6 ft. size is delivered to you immediately on first payment of 13/3. Balance monthly. Cash price £11 15s. Rileys pay carriage and take transit risks. 7 days' Free Trial allowed. Send to-day for Free Art List giving full details of Riley 'Home' Billiard Tables and 'Combine' Billiard and Dining Tables in all sizes, for cash or easy terms. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Gt. Britain.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ARBOR WORKS, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

GARAGES:
10ft. x 7ft. £6.12.0
15ft. x 9ft. £13.1.0
HUTS.
6ft. x 5ft. £2.16.0
8ft. x 5ft. £4.10.0
12ft. x 7ft. £8.11.0
¾-in. Planed Rebated Weatherboard.
CARRIAGE PAID
Plus 5% for free delivery and erection within 20 miles of London.
SOUTH WESTERN Appliance Co. (1929) Ltd., Dept. J.B., High St., Fulham, S.W.6. (Putney 2771).
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Deferred Terms arranged

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

£5 COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB

OUR 1932 COMMISSION TERMS THE HIGHEST PAID IN BRITAIN

BEGIN ENJOYING THIS LARGER PRIVATE INCOME NOW—BECOME AN AGENT FOR

£5 COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB

THE "B.B.B." CLUB
the Super-Club that Pays
SUPER COMMISSION

2 Dining Room Chairs 39/-

Send for Booklet, "Money Made and Money Saved."

2 Pairs British Made Blankets 19/-

ORGANISERS REQUIRED IN EVERY DISTRICT to form our popular 20-week clubs on our 1932 Super-Commission Terms. Earn Big Money in your spare time without effort, outlay or worry. To do yourselves and your pockets full justice, prospective Organisers and Organisers of Clubs should not fail to send for particulars and 192-page catalogue showing the wonderful goods of the "B.B.B." Club—Britain's Best Bargains—and see for yourselves that our commission terms are now the highest paid and our goods better value.

L. & C. MOSS Dept. C, 38, Cannel St., Ancoats, Manchester.

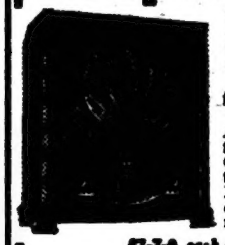
Reclining Armchair 19/-

56-Piece Tea-set 29/-

9-ct. Gold Jewelled Wristlet Watch 29/-

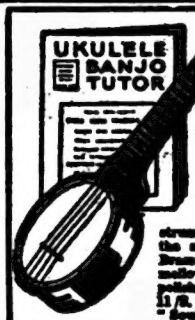
Jacobean Oak Bedstead 29/-

Eclipse RADIO— BARGAIN



This British made 5-Valve Radio Receiver, entirely self-contained in a beautiful Walnut Cabinet,
for **13/-** down
Absolutely complete and fitted with Loud Speaker, Osram Valves, Exide Batteries, and Accumulator. No Aerial or Earth required. Carriage Paid, all ready to switch on for
57-7-0 cash or 13/- monthly. No extras.
Write at once for Beautiful Illustrated Booklet.
ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3.M.), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

SEND NO MONEY.



Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.
The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO.
You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. 39/- VALUE 1st 11/6. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/6 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.), 68, 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

"READICUT" RUG WOOLS AT SALE PRICES

In hanks or in lengths ready for use; Cable and 6 fold; 100 shades to choose from.

1/- RUG BOOK & PATTERNS FREE
Including 12 coloured rug designs and samples of Wools and Price List. Send a postcard to:
READICUT WOOL CO. Dept. J.B., Cowell, Yorks.

BARGAIN LIST FREE.

GREENHOUSES
7 ft x 5 ft.
£2.17.6
complete.

9 ft. x 6 ft.	£4.	10 ft. x 7 ft.	£6.
12 ft. x 8 ft.	£8.	15 ft. x 9 ft.	£7.10.0.

STORE HUTS.

6ft. x 4ft.	£2.12.6
7ft. x 5ft.	£3. 2.6
9ft. x 6ft.	£4. 2.6

POULTRY HOUSES.

6ft. x 4ft.	19/6
7ft. x 5ft.	35/-
8ft. x 6ft.	55/-

FRAMES.
From ... 8/9

BATH'S, 3-7, Southampton St., Strand, LONDON, W.C.2

ECONOMIC RADIO for £4-15-0

THE KEMSET TRANSPORTABLE THREE is the best and cheapest Set to buy and run. It will save you more than its moderate cost after 2 years' service compared with "cheap" five-valve portables which are expensive in upkeep.
Perfect reception without Earth or Aerial. Entirely complete, and guaranteed for 12 months.
7 Days' Free Trial.
Full cash refunded if not satisfactory on receipt.
Only 96 12s. cash, or 12/6 deposit and 11 monthly payments of 9/6.
Descriptive booklet free on request
Write NOW!
Kemsley Mfg. Co. (Dept. J.B.), 51, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.1

KEMSETS

45/- SUITS for 19/6

GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.
To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- Gent's Suits for merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/-, return it, and we will refund your 19/6, together with 1/- for your trouble in sending. The first two hundred applicants only will secure these Bargains. Don't send money now, but see what you buy.
SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.
Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self-measure form to:—
H. THOMAS & CO. (Dept. J.B.1), 14, PITLAKE BRIDGE, W. CROYDON, SURREY

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT TO YOU

What "John Bull" Offers:
(1) **2/6 GIFT VOUCHER,** which will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. The Pen is handsomely chased, superbly finished, with latest lever self-filling device and safety screw cap. Fitted with **14-carat solid gold nib,** iridium tipped, it is without a peer for delicacy of touch and smooth-writing qualities. **Written two years' guarantee** with each pen.
The Pencil, complete with extra leads and pocket clip, matches the pen in beauty and workmanship. Both are ALL BRITISH.
SEND 2/6 ONLY (plus postage).

Closing shortly

Fill in the Coupon and Cash the Gift Vouchers. All of these may be cut from previous issues of "John Bull." Do it now.

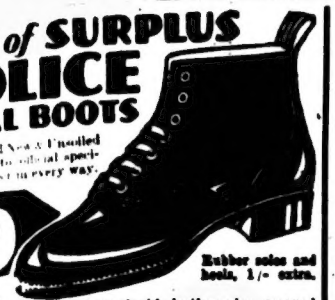
What "John Bull" Offers:
(2) **5/- GIFT VOUCHER,** which will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe.
The Pen, which is **unbreakable,** carries a **Five Year written guarantee.** You will admire the superb finish, the rolled-gold band and pocket clip, the lever-filling device which is deeply sunk, the extra quality of the **14-carat solid gold nib** tipped with costly iridium.
The "Everpointed" Pencil with its streamline finish, including extra leads and pocket clip, is a perfect "partner" for a perfect gift. ALL BRITISH.
SEND 5/- ONLY (plus postage).

108 SQ FT for ONLY 2/- DOWN

You can now obtain this wonderful NEW PROCESS Floor Covering on Easy Terms! Delivered (108 sq. ft.) on receipt of deposit of only 2/-. Balance payable in 10 weekly sums of 2/-. Longer lengths pro rata. Warranted damp- and rot-proof. Exceptionally long-wearing. Ideal covering for stone or brick floors—Lies flat—no fixing required. Damp cloth cleans perfectly. **Send NOW for Free Pattern Pieces of TRI-NOLEUM** (extra quality).

USE THIS COUPON
To Jones' Stores, 51, London Road, Croydon.
Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.
Name.....
Address.....
J.B. .....

SALE of SURPLUS POLICE & NAVAL BOOTS



Warranted Brand New & Unsoiled superbly made to official specification and perfect in every way.

7/9

Rubber soles and heels, 1/- extra.

Postage 9d.

Black, fully chromed uppers, pliable double-leather soles, screwed and studded. Plain toecaps or capped. Double tongue. Unrivalled for long, comfortable wear. Sizes 6—12, 7/9, post 9d. ALSO superquality Army Boots, 9/6, post 9d. C.O.D. if preferred. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. ORDER NOW!

ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.), 69, Church Street - - CROYDON.

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

ARMY HUTS
PAVILIONS
BUNGALOWS
GARAGES
etc., etc.

A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. Six sections to bolt together. ½ in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments	Or 12
6 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft.	£2 . 19 . 6	of 10 4	of 5 5
8 ft.	5 ft.	6 ft.	£4 . 1 . 6	of 14 2	of 7 5
10 ft.	7 ft.	8 ft.	£6 . 6 . 6	of £2 2	of 11 7

Carriage Paid. Send for large Free Book No. 46 of over 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

Works open till 5 p.m. Saturdays.

J. THORN & SONS (Box 46), Brampton-rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

MODEL No. 58 CASH PRICE 4-12-6

CARR. PAID U.K.

8/6 MONTHLY for 12 months

First payment secures delivery.

Model 58. — Beautiful OAK finished Console Model 32 ins. high, 27 ins. wide, complete with AUTO-STOP, powerful British Motor, Metal Amplifier, Fullotone Junior Soundbox and Record Compartment

Fullotone Gramophones, (Dept. J.B. 2), 23, Camden Rd., N.W.1

20 Model Catalogue Free.

Branches at East Ham, Tottenham, Croydon, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow.

FULLOTONE In Shops Nearly

Combined NEEDLE THREADER and THIMBLE

A WOMAN'S INVENTION!

NO more fumbling with needle and cotton, no more eye strain. This clever device is a thimble and needle-threader combined. Instantly threads smallest ordinary or sewing machine needle. Threader slides back into socket (side of thimble) when not wanted. A boon to those with weak sight, and a real time-saver and practical necessity for every housewife. 6d., post 2d., or 3 for 1/6 POST FREE.

6D POST 2D

Wm. PENN (Dept. 62), 682, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.19

Trade Inquiries invited.

GREAT PRAM SALE

GENUINE DAINTICARS REDUCED TO NEARLY HALF PRICE

From **5/9** Mthly.

This model with cycle spoke wheels and cushion Tyres, only

49/6

De Luxe Model with BALL-BEARING WHEELS and CORSO TYRES (or 7/3 monthly) **79/6**

Other models equally reduced.

Write for Sale Catalogue

VICTORIA CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. P.12) 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

DE LUXE large set, prints quarto & foolscap, 50/-. Post free and C.O.D. Carriage extra abroad. Quarto size (complete in case ready for use), 25/-.

10,000 COPIES from ONE THIN METAL FOIL!

The Foiloprinter solves your duplicating problem. 10,000 clean copies can be printed quickly after writing, typing or drawing your message or picture on to a metal foil. *No chemicals, type, gelatine or stencils required.* Make money and save money! Send for free specimen Foiloprints. Every outfit carries a money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

FOILOPRINTER

THE HOME PRINTING MARVEL!

FOILOPRINTER LIMITED (Dept. J 2), 3, Grosvenor Gardens, LONDON, S.W.1, England.

SLIM SAFELY

WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER

for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

Send p.o. now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 208A, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

9 inches deep.

NOW REDUCED FROM 6/11 TO **4/11**

11 inches deep 5/11. Super quality 7/11. Fine quality silk elastic 12/11. Sizes 26-44—2/6 extra on all.

Eclipse RADIO— BARGAIN

This Powerful British Made Three Valve Radio Receiver for **10/-** down

Absolutely complete with Loud Speaker, Osram Valves, Exide Batteries and Exide Accumulator, all entirely self-contained in a handsome Walnut Cabinet. Sent Carriage Paid to your home, ready to switch on, for

£5-7-6 cash or 10/- monthly. No Extras.

Write at once for Beautiful Illustrated Booklet.

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WADDED QUILTS FREE!

2 Woolly Blankets	80 x 60
2 Strong Sheets	80 x 60
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 20
1 Art. Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Check Glass Cloths	
2 Turkish Towels	42 x 20
1 Damask Table Cloth	52 x 52
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings	
2 Pyjama Cases	
3 Dainty Lawn Handkerchiefs	

Carr. Free. **20/-** Cash or C.O.D.

No further Payments

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

FREE GIFT of a handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT, sent with each bale.

Satisfaction or money back.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. C1, Paton St., MANCHESTER

CASEMENT CURTAINING— 7 DAYS SALE

29,500 Yds. FADELESS CASEMENT SUNGLOW LACE NETS AND CRETONNES

1 P.C. BRINGS Pattern Book Post Free.

Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched. Inserted. Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, etc.

Post Free PATTERN BOOK Actual Samples.

FROM **3D.** Per Yard.

SEND P.C. TO-DAY.

CRETONNE and FADELESS CURTAINING

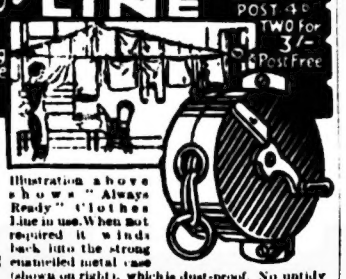
4¾D. yard. WITH A GUARANTEE

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. JB2), Sunglow Mills, Mason Street, Manchester.

Improved Indoor CLOTHES LINE 1/6 POST 4d.

30 ft. long adjustable to any length

TWO for 3/- Post Free



Keeps Clothes Line clean.

Cord is easily renewed.

Saves knots. Lasts longer.

Saves time.

Agents and Trade Enquiries Invited.

Illustration above shows "Always Ready" Clothes Line in use. When not required it winds back into the strong enamelled metal case (shown on right), which is dust-proof. No untidy knots, no bother—a line which is always there, yet out of sight when not wanted. Supplied complete with screws and hooks for instant fitting.

WM. PENN (Dept. A.J.) 682, Holloway Road, LONDON, N.19.

THE "NEW-THREE" ONLY £5-10

or 10/- MONTHLY.

No Deposit.
1,000 Miles Range.
12 Months' Guarantee.

Handsome Polished Oak Case, with everything inside, including the three valves, built-in Loud Speaker, first-class British Batteries, and double capacity accumulator. Circuit embodies both Short and Long Wave Tuning. Immediate deliveries available. Send for folder "B" for further particulars, and Deferred Payment terms, if required.

TOWER ROYAL RADIO CO., Tower Royal, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. *Trade Enquiries Welcomed.*

FROM **5/7** Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections 8 ft.-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Doors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
5 ft. x 5 ft.	x 6½ ft.	..	£5 1 0	10/6	5/7
8 ft. x 6 ft.	x 6½ ft.	..	£4 11 0	15/11	8/6
10 ft. x 7 ft.	x 7½ ft.	..	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.

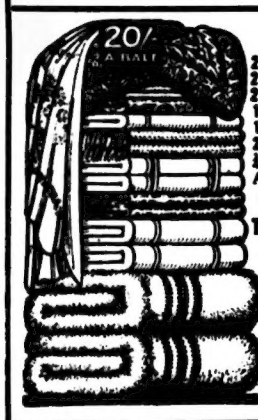
F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

BABY CLOTHES

Superb Layette for 30/-, comprising 75 home-made articles, including beautiful Christening Robe, Dainty Robe Skirt, Afternoon Gowns, Night Gowns, Matinee Coats, Silk and Wool Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, Genuine Terry Naps, Pilchers, and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 2/- for parcel on approval and satisfy yourself first before paying balance on terms or cash. Thousands of delighted customers. Satisfaction or money back.

FREE Doctors advise expectant Mothers to wear a Maternity Belt—a necessity which I include as a Free Gift. Particulars sent.

Mrs. STURGESS 153, Wellingborough Rd., NORTHAMPTON.



SALE!!

2 White Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Good Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs	

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.

Money back if not satisfied.

The Lot **20/-** Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.

Immediate Delivery.

A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT Free with each bale. Also pair Art. Silk Hose free if Cash with order.

STANDARD (BURMAH), Ltd., Dept. E.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

TWO POUNDS SAVED

I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES.** Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edwd. O'Brien IN Dept. 3 COVENTRY

ARE YOU MAKING MONEY?

IF NOT, START A POSTAL BUSINESS.

This Firm made £1,720 profit on £14 outlay in first year.

Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. This system, invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, made in the first year (1928) net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £14. (Certified by Chartered Accountants.) One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343. Write for **FREE FOLDER**, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

PUNCTURE PROOF 3/11

GUARANTEED TWO YEARS

A masterpiece of cycle tyre construction. Puncture-defying 80% more mileage guaranteed! Made by latest Electro-Hydraulic process and fitted with unique Puncture Shield. No more roadside delays or messy patching. Tire cannot be sold at 3/6. Shoals of testimonials.

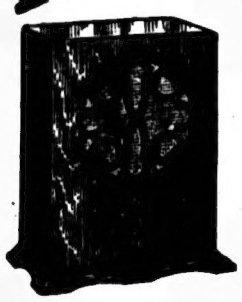
MONEY BACK TERMS

Trial pair 3/11, post 7d. Two for 6/6, post paid. Cash or C.O.D. Trade enquiries invited.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Accessories. 5/- in & saving.

MOORHOUSES (Dept. 89), Padiham, Lancs.

1932 "MIRACLE" SETS NOW AVAILABLE AT FACTORY PRICES



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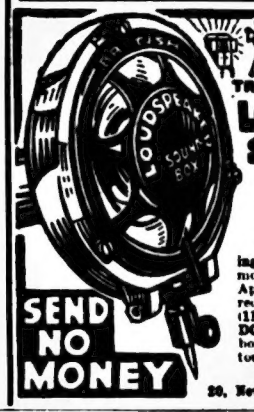

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You can transform the cheapest, weakest gramophone into a super sweet-toned instrument, equal to the most expensive cabinet model. **Amazing volume of sound.** Send no money. Send postcard only. Approved Customers pay after receiving soundbox 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or 10/- CASH DOWN. State whether soundbox fits in or slips over the tone-arm of your gramophone.

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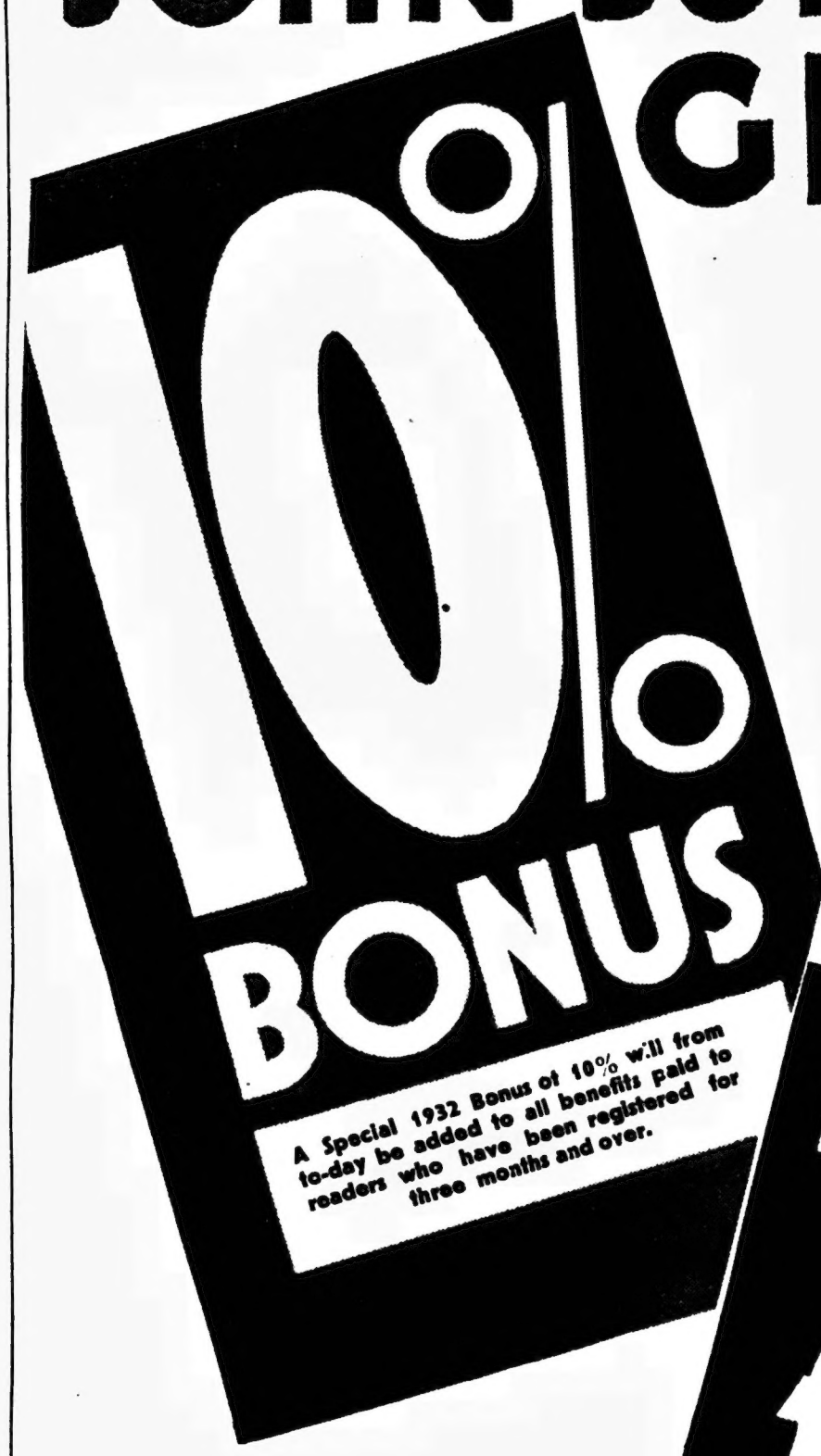
10%
BONUS
A Special 1932 Bonus of 10% will from to-day be added to all benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months and over.

TO-DAY "John Bull" announces dramatic innovations and gigantic extensions in connection with its great FREE INSURANCE. The far-reaching improvements now introduced are without precedent in Newspaper Free Insurance enterprise, and place "John Bull's" scheme in a position of unparalleled supremacy.

10% BONUS. From to-day and during the year 1932 all Readers who at the time of receiving Insurance Benefit under this scheme have been Registered for three months and over are entitled to a special bonus of 10%.

BURGLARY UP TO £200. A startling new and exclusive benefit in the form of an Insurance against Burglary up to £200 is now added to "John Bull's" generous and comprehensive scheme.

FIRE UP TO £1,000. The Fire Benefit, as already announced, is increased from £400 up to £1,000.

"John Bull's" gigantic new scheme, which provides the most complete protection for the Home yet devised, comes into full operation as from to-day.

If you are already a Registered Reader you are automatically entitled to the great increases and extensions in "John Bull's" FREE Insurance announced to-day. There is no need to re-register.

If you are not already Registered fill in the forms on the right quickly and make sure without delay of being covered under the greatest FREE home and family Insurance of its kind in the world.

One Registration covers Husband, Wife and Children (between the ages of 6 and 15).

CONDITIONS

(a) This scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing and personal effects situated in the British Isles, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man. Provided that any Registered Reader over seventy years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift, except those in respect of death, disablement, or sickness.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over fifteen and under seventy years of age registered with JOHN BULL as having personally signed and forwarded to JOHN BULL Registration Department the prescribed registration form, and given a signed order to a newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of JOHN BULL, which has been continuously received from such Newsagent and paid for.

(c) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, JOHN BULL, 128, Long Acre, W.C., as to accident benefits within seven days, fire, burglary and housebreaking, and other household benefits within forty-eight hours, and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself—Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his own expense. Compensation will be paid in respect of loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking provided: (a) immediate notice of such event or events is given to the police; (b) there is clear evidence of forcible entry of the dwelling-house or apartments; (c) the dwelling house or apartments have been occupied for ordinary residence by the Registered Reader or a member of his household within seven days preceding the breaking and entering; (d) loss has not been occasioned or contributed to by the negligence of the occupier his servant or agent; (e) the first £2 of any such loss shall be borne by the Registered Reader, and in the case of jewellery compensation will be limited to a maximum of £20.

(d) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent, external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity or intemperance, or if suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident, or while in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(e) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(f) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children (if any).

(g) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer. Compensation for material damage or loss by fire, burglary or housebreaking or any of the events covered by Household Benefits will be subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted all such other remedies. "Personal effects" shall not include money in cash or otherwise. Any misrepresentation or wilful mis-statement of facts shall disqualify an application.

(h) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment which shall be deemed as rent.

(i) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(j) The fire, burglary and housebreaking, and other household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture and personal effects in his or her private dwelling-house (being of permanent construction) or apartments in such dwelling-house, or dwelling-rooms which are attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to the contents of business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(l) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be filled for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed, and the Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to this offer by the publication of a notice in JOHN BULL, also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time.

(m) In order to comply with the requirements of the law, the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of JOHN BULL), whose issued share capital is £1,497,000.

(n) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

FREE INSURANCE EXTENSION

WHAT "JOHN BULL" GIVES

FIRE

£1,000 against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£1,000 in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at the Registered Reader's home.
£500 in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 —or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under similar circumstances.
£10 for Medical Fees for injuries directly caused by an outbreak of fire at the Registered Reader's home.
£4 per week for both or £2 per week for either up to 4 weeks for disablement under similar circumstances.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 25 weeks).

BURGLARY AND HOUSE-BREAKING

£200 loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking of a Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects. Provided that the first £2 of any such loss is borne by the Registered Reader.
£1,000 in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together), by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering the home for the purpose of robbery.
£500 if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under similar circumstances.
£10 Medical Fees for injuries by violence under similar circumstances.
£4 per week for both or £2 per week for either up to 4 weeks for disablement under similar circumstances.

OTHER HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

£300 loss caused by **Storm, Tempest or Flood** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£300 loss caused by **Lightning or Thunderbolt** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£100 loss caused by explosion of **Gas or Domestic Boilers** to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£100 loss caused by bursting of Hot-water Pipes or Water-heating Apparatus to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£300 loss caused by **Aeroplanes, Airships or Other Aerial Craft** to the Registered Reader's Household furniture or personal effects.

WIRELESS BENEFIT

£10 for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus, including Aerials and supports, licensed to and owned by him at his or her private address as registered.

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife (permanently residing together) be killed by an accident at the reader's registered address and or garden attached thereto; or
£100 in the case of the death of either under similar circumstances.
£5 for a fracture of a limb or skull under similar circumstances.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

£3 will be paid to the parent being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under fifteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist (humerus, radius or ulna), broken leg above the ankle (femur, tibia, or fibula), or fractured skull (cranium), as under:—

In accident to train, tram, 'bus, taxi, or other public vehicle, or whilst a pedestrian in the street struck by a moving vehicle, or while taking part in any sport or game, or while at home or at school, excepting accidents of employment.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

£10 10s.—in the case of husband and wife, or
£5 5s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (morbilli), Small-pox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£500 in case of death of husband and wife, or
£250 in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Hurling, Pushball, or Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.
£2—per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull under similar circumstances.

BOATING AND BATHING

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or
£250—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer or motor boat plying for hire.

COMPLETE PROTECTION FOR THE HOME

FIRE INCREASED UP TO £1,000

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 30, 1, 32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B., 30, 1, 32.

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Sung by ALBERT WHELAN

THE MOST POPULAR SONG HIT FOR YEARS!

FREE FOR 3½d

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Write for New British Gift List and Send Coupons to:—
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

JOHN BULL

For the People the Right— —to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, January 30, 1932. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
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BETTER THAN GOLD—

We are on the MAN Standard

WHAT this country needs to-day—more perhaps than any material thing—is a spiritual tonic, a tonic of common-sense and quiet confidence. *It is time we realised that we are now on the Man Standard—not the gold standard.*

We want to revive the spirit that animated our troops during the dark days of 1914-1918. They could shout a triumphant "No!" to the chorus of "Are we downhearted?" They knew that to lose heart was to lose everything. To-day we must recapture their splendid morale.

On every side we hear the croakings of the prophets of disaster. They say that we have passed our zenith. They envisage general ruin and catastrophe and hint that, even should we escape destruction, there will be a slow toppling over the brink until we find our level as a second or third class Power.

It is time to silence these birds of evil omen. They forget that ever since the disastrous peace of Versailles was signed, we have been in the front-line trenches of the world's economic war, holding fast now as we did through the darkest days of the German offensive.

JOHN BULL has a message for its readers to-day. It is this:

We are not poor, but rich. We are not sliding down hill; we are fighting up hill. We have not lost the world's respect; on the contrary, every foreign country is looking more and more to Great Britain as the only possible leader on the difficult road back to world peace and world prosperity.

THIS country lives on its international credit, and that involves a scale of values far more complicated than any which the bankers have been able to devise. Blundering statesmen and bankers may have forced us off the gold standard. But they cannot force us off the "man standard."

The sterling character of our own people remains unchallengeably at par on the world's exchange. And it is the man that makes the gold, not the gold that makes the man.

If foreign countries believe that Britain's word is her bond, it is because, through personal and inherited experience, the ordinary Briton's word is something to gamble on.

They know that the quality of our workmanship is unmatched. They know that this "nation of shopkeepers" is a nation of honest shopkeepers. And, above all, they realise that British grit, which has brought us out of many a tight corner in the past, is still a national asset.

Louis Bromfield, the American novelist, writing recently in one of our national daily newspapers immediately after a return visit to this country, paid a wonderful tribute to our fighting qualities.

"IT seems to me," he wrote, "that England has found a new faith, a faith in herself, her character and her traditions. It is faith and emotion which change the history of the world.

"On the day I left England I went away regretfully filled with envy of every British subject, for in England there was faith—a faith so great that hardship no longer counted.

"The only happy nations, the only happy people, are the ones with faith. In this tired, disillusioned world every Briton is to be envied."

In the same article he declared that he had "found an England emerged from a great crisis, stronger than she had ever been before."

What did Louis Bromfield see to justify so fine a testimony?

He saw a country, with something like a sixth of its adult population unemployed, carrying on business as usual.

If he visited any of our depressed areas, he must have seen, and marvelled at, great multitudes of men and women, drawing what is so cruelly termed "the dole," living patient, quiet and orderly lives, grumbling very little, making do with no more than the bare necessities of life, and, above all, retaining their self-respect. It may be true that our enormous expenditure on unemployment alarmed the world's bankers, but, beyond all question, the fortitude and discipline of our unemployed has compelled the world's admiration.

Any thoughtful observer of conditions in this country must also have apprehended among us a generosity and kindly tolerance of spirit towards international questions such as cannot be matched anywhere else in the world.

The interests of any one country are to-day closely interlocked with those of every other country. There can be no comfort for us in the knowledge that economic distress is more acute on the Continent and in the United States than in Great Britain.

Nevertheless, we have the right to be proud of our own countrymen's unshaken morale, which is the more apparent by contrast with conditions in other countries.

America and France hold most of the world's gold in their vaults, but that has not prevented bank after bank from crashing in the United States nor persuaded the timorously thrifty French investor to give up hoarding his money under his mattress.

Over the ruins of the gold standard the invincible Briton leads in building a better world

WE are bowed beneath the burden of national and local government taxation, but we have no bankrupt cities like Chicago, where the schools are closed for want of funds. We have no breadline queues as they have in New York.

There is no dictatorship here as there is in Italy, no clash of warring parties as there is in Germany, no intimidation of trades unions as there is in France, no destitution and despair as there is in Central Europe.

Britain, alone among the great Powers, can be utterly confident of the temper of her people.

We have escaped the hatred and fear that hangs like a fog across the Channel. We have been spared the humiliation which is crushing Germany. We are not subject to the hysteria and panic which go hand in hand with political corruption in America.

We repeat that there is no comfort to be derived from the troubles of other nations. But we have a right to be proud of the way in which we have maintained our own reputation for courage, sanity and national unity in time of crisis.

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, formerly Director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations, said in a broadcast talk the other night: "Ours is a problem of the impoverishment that comes with plenty. It comes from defects in human organisation and direction, from imperfect planning, from weakness in the world's financial and distributive systems—from essentially remediable evils and essentially removable causes.

"It is incredible that such causes should permanently prevent man from utilising and enjoying the resources at his disposal."

Without arrogance, but also without false modesty, let us face the fact that we must play the leading rôle in the programme of reorganisation. Now, more than ever before, the peoples of the earth look to Britain as the one great and stable Power which shall lead the world towards peace, disarmament and economic salvation.

IF YOU SEE IT IN "JOHN BULL" IT IS SO!

Lord Snowden to Quit the Cabinet?

LORD SNOWDEN will leave the Government. After the stormy tariff debates in the Cabinet his Tory colleagues are incensed beyond measure by his obstinately unbending behaviour.

Ready to bite

When the new Bill to impose tariffs all round comes before the House of Lords, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer will still further infuriate the Conservatives.

He is preparing a series of speeches against tariffs as biting as an east wind.

S.M.G.!

Then the "Snowden Must Go!" cry will become a roar—and Snowden *will* go. "But will he bring the Government down with him?" ask the politicians.

Fireworks

"L. G.," full of beans and fight after his convalescence at sea, is also preparing a Grand Parliamentary Firework Display against the reassembly of the Commons.

He is spoiling for a fight. Directly the Government makes an opportunity for him, he will send up his rockets, and fire his petards.

No new Party yet

But don't imagine he will yet try to launch the new Party he threatened to form during the General Election.

Even hopes of winning over to it all the "Samuel" Liberals in the House will not tempt him to such an adventure.

Winston too

The misery of Cabinet Ministers will be further intensified when Mr. Winston Churchill returns from America.

With Mr. Lansbury and the Labour men slogging at them across the floor, "L. G.'s" wicked jabs, and Winston kicking them hard in the rear, the Government front bench is in for an unhappy time.

Drop in income tax?

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is hoping against hope to reduce the income tax by sixpence in the pound. But it will cost him £27,000,000 at least, and it now looks as if the proceeds of the new tariff will melt away to considerably less than that.

By the time Mr. Chamberlain has balanced his Budget in the Spring he looks like being the most unpopular man in Great Britain.

Post censorship

The censorship department at the Belfast General Post Office, where all letters of which the Ulster authorities are suspicious are carefully opened, examined and sealed up, has been restored after a few weeks of its abolition.

Of what is the Ulster Government afraid? After years of peace in Northern Ireland there is surely no need for this scandalous interference with private correspondence. It must stop.

Hitting the banks

Postponement of the Lausanne Conference hit some of the big banking firms very hard, for they can't get their money out of Germany until the reparations question is settled. As a result, they may have to ask the Treasury for temporary assistance.

But should it be given to them without more control of foreign banking business?

If the banks are to take the profits they make and pass some of the losses to the community, then it is high time we had some say on the way they conduct their business.

Big Armaments Plot

Royal Duke's Future

Warmongers active

While Mr. Arthur Henderson is preparing his presidential address to the great Disarmament Conference, which begins at Geneva next Tuesday, the warmongers are busy in all the capitals of Europe.

Sinister rumours are afloat that the money for their campaign has been subscribed by the leading manufacturers of armaments in the world.

Should these turn out to be true it will be an additional argument for those who believe that private persons should not be allowed to make munitions of war.

Miners' leader

A close tussle is expected between Mr. Ebby Edwards, of Northumberland, and Mr. Joseph Jones, of Yorkshire, in the ballot for a successor to Mr. A. J. Cook.

Both belong to the younger school, have bull-dog temperaments and plenty of common-sense. May the best man win!

Worth passing

Another attempt will soon be made to introduce a Bill into Parliament for the sterilisation of the unfit. That mental defectives should be allowed to produce children is a grave evil upon which we have often commented.

Since the army of the insane is increasing, this Bill should receive the most careful consideration.

France—U.S.A. squabble

Bitter financial war has broken out again between France and the United States. At the end of last year France agreed not to embarrass America by withdrawing funds. In return, America agreed not to reduce interest rates.

Now the United States' attitude on war debts has so annoyed France that she is drawing gold out of New York at a rapid rate, while the U.S. is retaliating by pushing interest rates down.

This fight between the two gold-hoarding countries may help Britain. It's an ill wind——

First beer-garden

Kill-joys will be dismayed to hear that a licence has actually been granted for Britain's first beer-garden at Bournemouth.

Fancy father toying over his glass in an atmosphere of song and palms, surrounded by his family, instead of enduring the discomfort of a tap-room, alone!

But perhaps the hours of opening will be reduced to one by the weather or the Drink Commission. Then it won't matter much, will it?

Duke of Gloucester

An important overseas post is likely to be found shortly for the Duke of Gloucester, who obviously cannot remain a cavalry staff captain indefinitely.

Since His Royal Highness is a bachelor, a colonial governorship would be unsuitable, so that his expected appointment will probably be of a purely military nature.

White slave brides!

Large numbers of French ladies' maids and domestic servants are being warned that their permits to stay in England will not be renewed.

Many will probably drift into the clutches of the men who are prepared to marry girls for a fee to obtain British citizenship.

As some of these "paid bridegrooms" are white slavers, the Ministry of Labour must be careful that it is not creating a greater evil than it is trying to cure.

Big kick coming

The Trade Union Council will back the Opposition in the Commons in its fight for a more humane administration of the means test.

Some supporters of the Government will also join this agitation for reform while the British Legion's enquiry is in full swing.

The Minister of Labour will thus be under fire from all sides. We hope he gives way.

Army—in Business

At Aldershot, as elsewhere, garage proprietors are finding it hard enough to find business.

One can therefore understand their resentment at the action of the Officers' Club House, which obtains funds from the Aldershot Tattoo and regimental subscriptions, in offering "a van for hire suitable for conveying football teams or other work."

More especially as they get an advertisement in the form of a notice in Command Official Orders.

Gallant Youth

When a woman was heard screaming in the sea off Newhaven breakwater, a nineteen-year-old lad tied a rope round a post, descended 20 ft. to the water, swam to the woman and tied the rope to her body.

Then he climbed up the rope and helped to haul her up the breakwater, but artificial respiration was tried without success.

The youth, Stephen Payne, thoroughly deserved the coroner's commendations.

How is it done?

Fifteen years' anguish has been suffered by a Yorkshire woman because the War Office refuses to recognise her as a widow.

Private Hollindrake, of Heptonstall, is believed to have fallen into a river and been drowned during a Zeppelin attack on a Durham training-camp in 1915. He has never been seen since.

Yet Mrs. Hollindrake has not received a penny in allowance and cannot draw her husband's savings from the bank.

This is a glaring example of official callousness.

Two rogues pass

Philip Goodman, the long-firm swindler, and Norman Kent, who devised an ingenious income-tax blackmail plot, have each been sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

Both these rogues were exposed exclusively by us when they were at large.

Pilloried for rent

Local councils everywhere should follow the example of Penarth, Glamorgan, which has decided to omit from the council minutes the names of tenants of council houses in arrears with rent.

Many authorities are guilty of this practice, and their minutes, of course, are open to public inspection.

It is disgraceful that honest families who have fallen into debt through no fault of their own should be thus stigmatised.

Hats off to him!

Nearly every week a 10s. note is sent to the Clitheroe Public Assistance Institution by an anonymous benefactor in gratitude for the benefit he received in the institution hospital.

Over £100 has been received in this way, and will provide a wireless installation for the inmates.

Running with hares

Five pounds a week, plus interest and expenses, is offered for an investment of £100 in the Copesmith Syndicate, a greyhound betting concern.

This company, however, is not registered, and its address, 69, Hornsey Road, London, is a sweetstuff shop where it has only letter accommodation.

Accident ghouls

The despicable methods of the "free legal aid societies" who prey on the victims of accidents were fully exposed recently in our columns.

A reader now draws attention to the "Workers' Protection Association," of 2, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

We have previously commented unfavourably on this firm. Readers who are in need of legal help should consult a solicitor.

Foolish bravery

People with dependents should think twice before risking their lives for the sake of an animal, declared the Blackburn coroner at an inquest on a man who was drowned while trying to rescue his dog from a swollen stream.

"Motorists," he added, "should not swerve to avoid a dog if in doing so they imperil their own life or the lives of others."

Sound common-sense! We are the first to applaud a plucky deed to save an animal, but human life comes first.

Piecrust promises

An additional sevenpenny rate will have to be paid by Farnborough (Hampshire) ratepayers because the Treasury has broken its word.

Last November it agreed to pay £15,000 in lieu of rates on Crown property in the district. Despite repeated application, no money has been received. We demand an explanation of this shabby treatment.

Child beaters

Terror-stricken because her father placed a rope round her neck and threatened to hang her, a fourteen-year-old Bolton girl fled to the police-station.

There it was found that she was under-nourished, and her back and shoulders were covered with bruises.

Her father and step-mother were each fined 10s. They deserved more. If the man is not more careful he will find a rope about his own neck.

His impudence

We recently referred to the notorious fee-snatcher, Leslie Archibald Spikesman, who runs several ventures from Bouverie Road West, Folkestone, one of which is the "Southern Football Tote Pool."

Needless to say, this enterprise has no connection with Messrs. Southern and Co., of Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, a business that is owned by an ex-officer and was started in 1929, and which publishes "Southern's Football Tote."

The fact that Spikesman has so nearly copied the name of this well-known publication is a further proof of his audacity.

One More Drop of BLOOD!

by General SIR IAN HAMILTON

In war a great soldier, in peace a great pacifist. A recent studio portrait of Sir Ian and an official photograph taken at Gallipoli in 1915

The most remarkable article ever written about war by a professional soldier

WHY do I, who have spent so much of my life as a professional soldier, detest war? What are the things that have made me hate it? These are questions I have asked myself on the eve of the Disarmament Conference.

I can imagine what most people expect me to reply. They naturally imagine that my pen would dwell on the tragical battlefield panoramas I have seen, the snapshots of the filth and misery of daily life in dug-outs and trenches—the sort of grim pictures that gave "All Quiet on the Western Front" its fascination of horror. Only my pictures would be on a vaster scale and observed from G.H.Q. instead of from a trench.

Well, in some ways I am none too badly equipped for such a task. My mind is only too well stocked with terrifying phantoms. But the honest truth is I simply dare not revive them.

I dare not mingle those terrible scenes of the past with the living realities of the present—the crowded streets of London with, say, the vision of a solid wall of dead Turks—a line stretching from Buckingham Palace to Whitehall—mown down in the pride of their assault.

Could I only fill the nostrils of the warmongers with that loathsome stench and blast their eyes with all those grimacing corpses—that would put the fear of death into the lot of them for some time to come.

But, no! I have buried these awful memories deep down in my own mind where they are prevented from festering by being thickly sprinkled over with recollections of friendships and loyalties which held fast through thick and thin.

* * *

THEREFORE, to represent war with a hell as its unalleviated background is beyond my power, for it would not be true to facts as they represent themselves.

Besides, is this sort of propaganda that consists of telling half the truth so that it shall get across to the world as the whole truth, really of any lasting value? I have my doubts.

Old soldiers, in any case, tend to forget the horrors of war and to remember its heroisms. Their inevitable tendency is to give their friends an extra dose of adventure and glory when they relate their own experiences.

Thus we find, always, a new generation growing up which begins to think that it would rather like a little of the excitement of these adventures for itself. Too much insistence on the horrors of the battlefield can breed in a couple of decades an atmosphere favourable to war.

In no other way can we explain the planning of future grand campaigns which is now going on among all the General Staffs in the world.

I firmly believe the schoolboys of Great Britain are already infected by the perilous virus. Hardly one in a hundred would willingly go ten yards to be preached to about peace, whereas they are to be seen following with rapture the description or picture of a bayonet charge.

Therefore, I say that to paint war with an unalleviated background of horror is not only beyond my power, but also that it has hitherto notably failed as a method of scotching the war spirit. The more we pile on the danger and agony of those who fought, the more the normal young Englishman becomes fascinated.

Only by exhibiting to him the many living proofs of the miserable results of all these highly coloured and resounding feats of arms—only by showing him the human wreckage, the maimed, the blind, the broken in mind as well as in body—can we hope to bring home to him the stark truth about war in a way that he will not easily forget.

As for me, I make it my constant duty to beg the British Legion, for their children's sakes, to treat their war memories as a heaven-sent warning, and to cling to them as closely as they can.

I do not wish them to celebrate anniversaries of resounding victories, because flag-waving over an enemy's defeat must carry with it a sting to the self-esteem of that enemy which may engender a longing for revenge.

No, rather would I suggest that we celebrate sheer feats of arms, like those achieved on the beaches of the Dardanelles, as conquests by our soldiers and sailors over every man's enemy—"The Impossible!"

Certainly the nation which has in its recent history such sacrifices as these should be free for a generation or two from one of the deadliest incentives to war—the fear of being thought afraid.

And now, lest someone may still take me for a Jingo in disguise, let me relate a personal incident in my own career.

Once upon a time I made a speech and pointed out a truth—namely, that the customs of war had steadily been degenerating since the days of the siege of Troy.

As a result of pointing out this obvious truth, I got a wigging from a big-wig who had been told of my speech by a brother General. In the course of his remarks the aforesaid big-wig informed me—I suppose from his personal knowledge of the oratory of the late Mr. A. J. Cook—that my speech had been more subversive than anything ever said in public by that fiery miners' leader.

What, he desired to know, could be my object?

"I wanted to stop the war by showing it was getting more mechanical, and less human," I replied.

"But war has made you what you are," he rejoined. "So how can you, of all men, feel justified in laughing at Commanders-in-Chief?"

"I feel I must try everything I can fairly try to lower the prestige of military glory," I replied, "because the thought of the crowds of widows, the orphans, the blind, the disabled, and the fathers and mothers who have lost their sons, and who flock to the war memorials whenever I unveil one, imperatively urges me on to do it."

I saw his face change. He thought it over for a moment, and then said: "I understand. Let this conversation be as if it had never taken place." And it did remain as if it had never taken place, so long as he was alive.

Yes, it is in the aftermath of war that its real poignancy lies and from which its greatest and most lasting lessons can be learned.

The number of dead and wounded lying on a battlefield does not maintain that shocked grip on the mind that many civilians imagine.

On the battlefield, too, one shares the miseries and hardships with thousands of others. It is harder very often to bear the tragedies of peace-time, most of which have to be shouldered alone or only with the aid of a small circle of friends.

Let me draw a little picture for you. Sitting in the cabin of a foreign liner which is voyaging across the Indian Ocean are a young Glasgow mechanic and his girl-wife. They are staring white-faced at the body of their tiny baby boy—their firstborn. There it lies, lovely in death, as if moulded in translucent wax, with a little artificial forget-me-not in its hand. The father and mother dare not speak; their hearts are breaking.

The hour is at hand—the great engines of the liner stop. A strange silence falls over all . . . and then there is a knock at the cabin door.

* * *

I WAS present on board this ship, the only other English-speaking person on board, and nothing I have ever experienced in war has ever wrung my heart more deeply than the tragedy of that cabin, and the solitary grief of those young parents.

No, it is not battlefield sights, nor war debts, which make me feel most keenly that it is absolutely up to everyone to try to create a peace atmosphere throughout the world.

It is the tragic aftermath of war which each of us can see for himself in the desperate plight of so many ex-Service men.

Thank God, the people keep a warm place in their hearts for them—especially the women—as they show on Poppy Day.

But there are men in powerful places who forget the past horrors the soldier has been through to serve them. Some of these are showing an inclination to tamper with "disability pensions." Under cloak of the "means test" these vampires want to suck one more drop of blood out of the old wounds.

Let the young generation take note of this, and then, when in due course they get a chance of casting their vote for peace or war, they will know which to choose.

His War Record

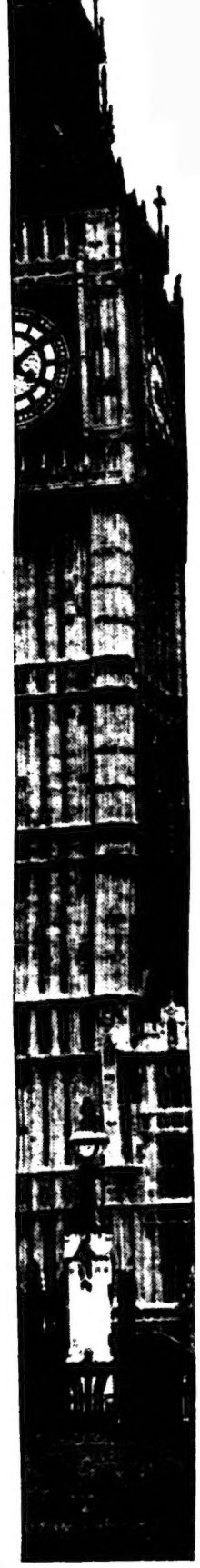
GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON—

FOUGHT: Afghan War, 1878-8
Boer War, 1881
Nile Expedition, 1884
S. African War, 1899

He was Kitchener's Chief-of-Staff, 1901-2,
And Commander-in-Chief, Gallipoli, 1915

Parliament enters upon its second session on Tuesday, and the new women M.P.s have yet to make their mark. Will they do so now? This candid study of them by Ellen Wilkinson, herself an ex-M.P., may provide the answer.

WOMAN-to-WOMAN



The new women behind Big Ben—will they be a force or a farce?

HERE we are on the eve of the second session of the present Parliament, and the man and woman in the street know little of our ten new women M.P.s. There has been a healthy absence of fuss about them so far, and perhaps that is not a bad thing.

Of course, everyone likes to see their names in the papers, especially those who protest most vigorously that they hate it.

But it is not good for the cause of women that their M.P.s should be treated as strange accidents who may disappear for ever, any time.

The 1931 election swept away the Labour women completely, and their places have been taken by women most of whom have frankly admitted that no one was more surprised than themselves at the result.

There is thus a certain bond of sympathy between the old and the new. With the exception of Miss Bondfield, none of the Labour women had a seat that could be considered "freehold," and most of the new women's seats were considered pretty hopeless, and therefore suitable for women candidates.

Such insecurity of tenure does not make for the best kind of Parliamentary work, but it has to be accepted as part of the fascinating game of politics.

The best known of the new women members is undoubtedly the Hon. Mary Pickford, who has a long record of public service behind her. I first met her when I debated with her about two years ago.

I should disapprove—

Miss Pickford is a perfectly definite and rigid Tory, which is rather unusual in a woman who has done so much public work. Social service is apt to shake reactionary theory when one is in daily contact with the horrors of its practical application.

But Miss Pickford has no patience with the Lady Astors who try to dilute their Conservatism with some Socialist idealism. Her maiden speech defending the iniquitous two-shift system for women factory workers came strangely from a woman who had had experience as a factory inspector during the war.

Miss Pickford is forty-seven, looks it, and doesn't mind. She is cool, capable, desirous of being just, but not very sympathetic to the hard case.

For many years she has been a member of the Chelsea Board of Guardians, and is now (or was until very recently) actively concerned in the administration of the Public Assistance Committee in its work of assessing transitional benefit to the unemployed.

She has served in some very responsible posts. She was a member of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and was Technical Adviser to the Government Delegates at the International Labour Conference at Geneva in 1928.

I am sure I should have disapproved of all the advice she gave, judging by her speeches at a recent conference on "Women and the International Labour Organisation," where she opposed most of the things that the progressive women's organisations have worked for for a life-time.

But her complete lack of any emotion on the platform, her well-marshalled facts and statistics, and her quiet courtesy to opponents make her a very formidable adversary at any conference.

Still, with all her gifts, she is hardly the woman one would have expected the Premier to send to India just now.

* * *

A complete contrast to Mary Pickford (and give me a good mark for not once referring to her famous namesake) is the thoroughly emotional Mrs. Runge, who, to everyone's amazement, defeated Mr. Ben Smith, in the hitherto impregnable Labour seat of Rotherhithe.

Mrs. Runge is emotional about everything—her King, her Country, and her Poor People.

She did some very good work at a Fulham crèche in the intervals of being emotional about the babies and their mothers. She went down to Rotherhithe to do social work in 1925, and became very popular there.

The Conservatives nominated her as a candidate because no man would tackle such an apparently hopeless fight.

There is a story that Mrs. Runge consented to stand only if she hadn't to make a speech, and certainly her only speech at her town hall meetings was to assure her audience that she couldn't make one.

Her constituents didn't seem to mind that. Perhaps they thought that it was a virtue in these days. Certainly Mrs. Runge did not shirk the hard work in the courts and alleys of Rotherhithe, where she was already a familiar and helpful friend. There are more ways of winning elections than by making speeches.

Sad, honest

I like Miss Marjorie Graves, the woman who defeated Herbert Morrison, ex-Minister of Transport, at South Hackney, and Mr. Morrison tells me he likes her, too. She is a quiet and very gracious woman, who enjoys public work, but hates fighting about it.

She was at the Foreign Office during the war, and on the technical staff at the Peace Conference. She really knows a good deal about foreign affairs, and talks about them in an interesting and enlightened way.

In home affairs she rather belongs to the "Why-doesn't-somebody-do-something" school. When I met her at dinner a few weeks ago, she seemed completely convinced that tariffs would settle every one of our domestic troubles, and it was quite inconceivable to her why politicians didn't get on with the, to her, obviously sensible thing.

A rather sad woman, one who takes the troubles of the world very seriously to her heart, and is honestly anxious to do what she can towards putting them right.

* * *

There is nothing sad or doubting about Miss Florence Horsbrugh, O.B.E., of Dundee. Thoroughly cheerful and energetic, Miss Horsbrugh is the type of patriotic Scotswoman who means so awfully well, but whose patriotism does get a little overwhelming and irrelevant in such wholesale doses.

She saw a good deal of various kinds of war service, and has been at the right hand of the Countess Haig in work for the British Legion.

Brother's inspiration

Miss Thelma Cazalet, who won East Islington from Mrs. Leah Manning, is an unusual type to have seen so much public service. Pretty and gentle, when I first met her in 1925 she was the youngest member of the L.C.C. Now she is an alderman.

The idea of this frail girl being an alderman of the County Council of London would have given an apoplectic fit to London's aldermen of thirty years ago. But she is now the chairman of the elementary schools subcommittee, as important a position as there is on the County Council.

But I wonder if Miss Cazalet would have done so much in public life if it had not been for the influence of her adored brother Victor, the M.P. for Chippenham. Victor Cazalet is the most enthusiastic feminist I have ever met among his Party. He cares passionately about women taking their share in public life.

And so his sister, interested in art and literature, living the completely sheltered life of a very rich and cultivated home, has been brought out into the strife of Party politics. One cannot help liking Thelma Cazalet, even while wondering how

"Ah, wait till you see Mrs. Tate!" Here she is

A petite alderman: "one cannot help liking Thelma Cazalet"

"Enjoys public work; hates fighting about it"—Miss Marjorie Graves

Mrs. Ida Copeland. Her middle name is "Firm"

"Deserves a safer seat"—Miss Irene Ward

Close-Ups

much she really knows about elementary education.

* * *

Mrs. M. C. Tate, M.P. for West Willesden, across whose Christmas festivities fell the deep shadow of tragedy, is the acknowledged beauty of the new arrivals.

When I asked a group of lobby journalists what they thought of the new women, they all drew deep breaths and said: "Ah, wait till you see Mrs. Tate." Lobby journalists are hardened creatures, but there is no doubt that among them Mrs. Tate is reigning favourite.

* * *

Mrs. S. A. Ward, of Cannock, is the nearest to being a working woman of all the group. She is the wife of a tenant farmer in her constituency, and has been on the speakers' list at Conservative headquarters for some years.

I asked the wife of her defeated opponent, Mrs. Adamson, what Mrs. Ward was like. "She is one of the most charming women personally that I have ever met"—a judgment that I think does credit to both ladies, in the circumstances.

I hope that the story I heard about Mrs. I. Copeland, who gave Sir Oswald Mosley such a handsome beating, is a true one. No one would fight our English Hitler among the Conservatives of Stoke-on-Trent. "Then I will," said Mrs. Copeland firmly. And she won.

Firmness is Mrs. Copeland's main characteristic. She knows a fair amount about industrial conditions abroad and has always taken a keen personal interest in the famous Spode Copeland Pottery works, from which her husband draws his income.

* * *

Few of the new women M.P.s would call themselves feminists. A number were avowed anti-suffragists, but Mrs. H. Shaw, who performed the miracle of defeating Joe Sullivan in the miner seat of Bothwell, is a strong feminist, and has worked hard for women in Scotland.

* * *

Miss Irene Ward, who defeated Miss Bondfield at Wallsend, is also a noted feminist. She is an excellent speaker.

When I was in America last year I followed her at some of the audiences she had addressed four years previously, and found that her vigorous speeches on British industrial affairs were still remembered.

"The new women M.P.s have cause to be grateful to us . . ."

She was a worthy antagonist for Miss Bondfield, though she was fighting a woman who for two years had been terribly overworked. Miss Ward is hardly likely to keep the great industrial seat which she won in the special circumstances of the time, but she deserves a safer seat from her Party, for she is an able politician.

Our big fight

The new women M.P.s have cause to be grateful to us who preceded them for the fight we made to get decent accommodation for the women Members.

When I got into Parliament seven years ago, there were four of us to share the room that had been set apart for Lady Astor's own use when she was the only woman there.

Then came eight women, then ten, but still only that same little cubby-hole, with one tiny glass pane for ventilation, and NO MIRROR!

To reach the toilet-room provided for us meant a walk of nearly a quarter of a mile along three long corridors and up two flights of stairs.

For the new Parliament of 1929, Mr. George Lansbury, who was Commissioner of Works, extended our room, but only at the expense of the "Ladies' Tea Room," the one place where Members, men and women, could take their women guests, who, of course, are not allowed in any of the men's smokerooms.

ELLEN WILKINSON *Puts Her Successors on the Spot*

This tea room was christened "The Tomb," and that is just what it looked like, with its clumsy tables pushed so close together that it was impossible to pass between them without the people at the tables rising to let one pass.

Ousted men

I cast envious eyes on two beautiful rooms that had a French window on to the Terrace, with a cloakroom just across the corridor. This would give a room for those who wanted to work, and another for those who had callers to interview.

But the big problem that anyone who tries to make any alterations in the social arrangements of the House of Commons has to meet is the curious tenacity of the cliques that grow up in all Parties, and tend to make some little corner their own in that wilderness of a place.

Among the Labour Members there is—or, alas, was—the Map Room crowd, consisting largely of miners' Members, who spent their leisure time round the fire in the library intended for devotion to geographical research, and the Terrace Club, consisting mainly of officials of the Dockers' and General Workers' Unions, who for years had gathered in those two rooms on which I had fixed my hopes.

Had I the heart to displace Jimmy Sexton, Arthur Hayday and Ben Tillett? And could I if I would? for these were men not unversed in the arts of agitation and propaganda themselves.

Though I had won the Kitchen Committee to my plan, I realised that the struggle to win votes for women would probably prove to have been no harder than the attempt to coax or to dislodge those stalwart comrades from their Terrace bolt-hole. Gracefully, but regretfully, I realised that the time for that fight had not come.

Then the electorate did what I had not the heart to do. Every one of those good old fighters lost his seat. Not one was left to hold the fort against the conquering women.

It was with very mixed feelings, therefore, that I heard that no sooner were the results of the election known than the workmen were put on the job, and the Terrace Rooms I had coveted became the property of the Conservative ladies who took our places.

Each year brings some change in the social life of women in Parliament. The few barricades that were erected against the early ones are slowly being removed.

All the dining-rooms are now opened to them. A new tea room on the Committee floor gives tea for those who join the men in the Members' Gallery.

The only stronghold remaining to the men is the big general smoke-room, where, it is often said, more important decisions are made than in the debating chamber itself.

But, on the whole, the men Members were wonderfully generous in their treatment of the early arrivals, willing to receive them in all but complete equality.

I hope that none of the present Members will let go by default any of the privileges which were won in that first formative decade which ended with the General Election of 1931.

"She means well"—Miss Florence Horsbrugh *No eloquence, but much emotion: Mrs. Runge* *Almost a working woman—Mrs. S. A. Ward* *Mrs. H. Shaw performed a miracle . . .* *"Forty-seven, looks it, and doesn't mind"—Miss Pickford*

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

BROKEN in Spirit

THE other day I happened to pick up a book on a friend's table, and when I opened it my eyes fell on the following sentence: "No one can set mind and heart to work with a broken spirit."

It is an echo of a verse in the Bible written thousands of years ago: "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Evidently human experience of life does not radically change from age to age. We read in the newspapers of the triumphs of science in the making of increased health and happiness by mechanical means, but we become distrustful of their efficacy in view of what is happening around us every day.

Reader, have you ever had to undergo the ordeal of carrying a heavy heart and a cheerful countenance at the same time?

Your dearest is dying at home, but you must face the world with a smile, for fear of losing your job. Or the worst has happened that could happen in the background of your life, and you have to keep quiet about it and behave as if all were well though your heart is breaking.

Or, for the sake of a loved one too weak to bear a shock, you keep a trouble to yourself and force yourself to look bright and gay though your secret burden is crushing you.

These are stern tests of a man's or woman's worth—not only to have to endure alone, but to conceal the fact that you are having to endure at all.

The breaking-point comes when the struggler feels that the effort is not worth while.

The one urgent necessity to save a soul in such a plight is something to love and serve, and that can always be found if earnestly looked for.

To brood and pine over one's own sorrows is disastrous. Salvation consists in pulling up the blinds of the mind and forgetting oneself in looking with kind intent into the lives of others.

No life is without value, and none is so dark or hopeless but that it can be re-energised by faith and filled with light.

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A CARNIVAL Hat, Novelty, Joke, Fancy Dress and Balloons. Ill. List J.B. Free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with Smartwear to-day at Sale prices. No Deposit. No references required. Visit our extensive showrooms or write to Dept. A12 for Ladies' Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue, sent Gratis and post free. Catalogue for Gentlemen to Dept. C61.—SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., Oxford Circus, London, W.1. 'Phone: Mayfair 6241-6.

Roughened finger-tips— typing all day

• *Yet so easy to have soft, lovely hands...*

PEOPLE notice your hands so much — little signs of roughness, from housework; finger-tips a little blunt, typing all day.

To keep your hands lovely, just rub a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly well into them every night. Famous Mayfair beauty salons use "Vaseline" Jelly for their most expensive hand creams. Hands soon grow smooth and white with this minute-a-day care.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

• *Bedtime is the time for hands. A little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly makes them soft and lovely while you sleep*

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

• *Also for inflamed eyelids or cold in the eye. Purest emollient known. Protects the delicate membranes from irritation.*

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

FREE. Fill in the coupon in the "BERKELEY" CHAIR advt. on page 28 and get full particulars of this wonderful Home Comfort that can be yours for 5/- down and 5/- monthly. An illustrated Catalogue, and Patterns, will be sent by return.

TURKISH TOWELS direct from factory to you. Big saving. See advertisement of H. Smith & Co. (Towels), Ltd., on page 2.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the JAY'S FURNISHING STORES advt. on page 29 for their Special Sale List and details of Home Protection Scheme with £1,000 Accident Insurance Policy. Wonderful Bargains are obtainable during their Prosperity Sale, which closes shortly. Remember their famous easy terms still apply. These are published in the advt.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1932 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 184 pages, 266 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONE SALE.—Motors, Tonearms, Soundboxes, Horns, Amplifiers, Gramophones and Cabinets at gift prices. Catalogue free.—J. B. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford, Ldn., S.E.8.

GRAMO'S.—Make one 1 price. Instructions, drawings, 64-p. ctlg. 3d. Portable 15/6. Motors 7/6. List free.—Regentbull, 120, Old St., London.

GUITARS, Piano-accordians, Concertinas, Saxophones, Gramos, Ukuleles, Jazz, Banjos, Mandolin. Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

WIRELESS.

FREE WIRELESS CATALOGUE.—Send TO-DAY for our new 100-page Wireless Catalogue. Full of Big Bargains.—YOUNG'S (GLASGOW), LTD., 40, STOCKWELL ST., GLASGOW.

LISTEN to the "John Bull" Radio Concerts with the Kemsel Transportable Three—one of the many bargains advertised in "John Bull's" "Shop Window." See pages 2 and 3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-; Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds. HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 Beans), 1/3. Post Free.—Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

ASTHMA.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it. Write for free booklet No. 46J. to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

GOULD'S FREE Illustrated Herbal Book.—Cure yourself. Write for one.—S. GOULD'S, 81, Holme Top Street, Bradford, Yorkshire.

BRONCHIAL Catarrh with constant coughing strains the heart. Castellan No. 10 Mixture gives quickest relief. Bottles 2/3, 5/- post free. For generous trial sample send 4d. stamps for post.—McGuffie's, Chemists, Box 110, Liverpool.

HERBS for every complaint. Marvellous Cures. Trial pkt., 6d. Treatment supply, 1/6. State ailment.—"Healthouse," 2, Walker St., Morecambe.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-Consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.87), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

CURE THAT COUGH! A generous FREE SAMPLE (worth 1/3) of PAMEL'S SYRUP can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 26, enclosing the necessary stamps to cover postage and packing.

INDIGESTION SUFFERERS can obtain free and post free a 9d. tin of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER, a proved remedy, by simply filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 37.

SUFFERERS from CATARRH can obtain a trial package of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES, which give immediate relief for this malady. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 39.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Upperhead Row, Leeds.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

£485.—Modern Houses, 5 rooms, Bath, etc. Small deposit and 16/2 weekly. MADDOX, 22, Turnpike Lane (nr. Wellington, Wood Green).

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU NEED "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it free! Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

DON'T HAVE RATS. A CUSTOMER WRITES: "MY GARDEN WAS OVERRUN WITH RATS. HALF A TIN OF RODINE PRODUCED 7 DEAD RATS." 7½d. and 1/3 ALL CHEMISTS OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH. (Post 3d. U.S.A.)

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. Tonic, Nourishing, Fascinating, Mouth. Ask your Sweet Shop.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand System of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Mention "J.B."

IF you mark the number of "Storks" you can see in the picture on page 27 and attach two wrappers taken from half-pound packets of "STORK" MARGARINE, you can participate in the cash prize competition, in which the FIRST PRIZE is £1,000. Turn to page 27 now and read the further particulars of this fascinating competition.

FREE. £50 first prize and other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 31.

FREE. The GIBBS' "IVORY CASTLE" GAME. This can be obtained from any retailer, or send 3d. in stamps to the address in the advt. on page 31.

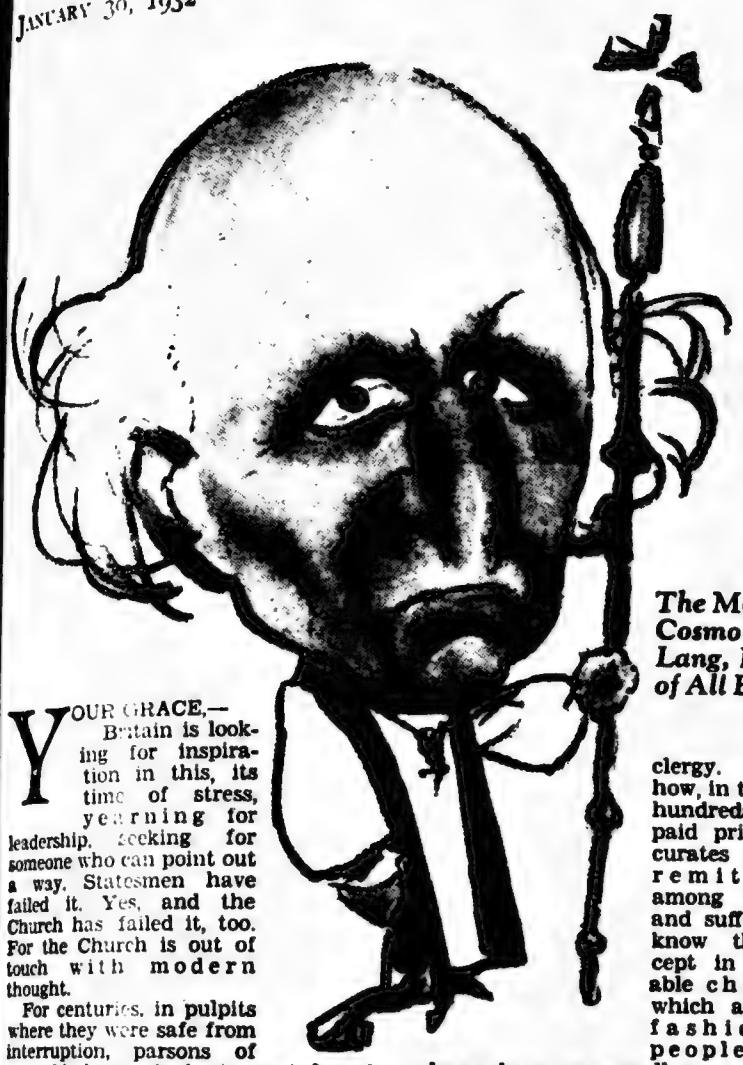
A PIANO OR ORGAN delivered at your home for 13/- and 15/- monthly. See CRANE'S advt. on page 31. Write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 240, free on request.

IMPROVE YOUR STATION IN LIFE by turning to the I.C.S. announcement on page 40. Fill in the coupon for further information on the activities in which you are most interested.

FREE. A choice of any 3 of the following "HARLENE" GIFTS—(1) Hair Grower, (2) "Cremex" Shampoo, (3) "Uzon" Brilliantine, (4) Wave Setting Lotion, (5) Hair Fixative, and (6) "Astol" for Grey Hair. On sending the coupon appearing in the advt. on the Back Cover FREE SAMPLES and MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS will be sent to readers of "John Bull." Enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and state which numbers are required.

ARCHBISHOP, TAKE WARNING!

An Open Letter by HANNEN SWAFFER



The Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Primate of All England

YOUR GRACE,—Britain is looking for inspiration in this, its time of stress, yearning for leadership, seeking for someone who can point out a way. Statesmen have failed it. Yes, and the Church has failed it, too. For the Church is out of touch with modern thought.

For centuries, in pulpits where they were safe from interruption, parsons of every kind preached at great length to people who had not the education to answer back. But we live to-day in a new world.

The young are growing up indifferent to teaching so confused that, in your own Church, all sorts of doctrines are taught by all sorts of parsons who quarrel among themselves more than do the political Parties outside.

Your great chance came a few months ago. I looked to you as the Church's saviour because you were a man of unblemished record, a fine preacher, an administrator of great experience. I have listened to your sermons in the past, admired, now and then, your liberalism of mind.

But I must warn you that, unless you immediately change your attitude, the Church of England will be disestablished within ten years.

There is so much to say for your clergy. I know how, in the slums hundreds of ill-paid priests and curates toil unremittingly among the sick and suffering. I know that, except in fashionable churches which appeal to fashionable people, your clergy draw very small wages for very long hours of work. But your Church is a house divided against itself, and if it continues so your house must fall.

When I heard you preach on disarmament in St. Paul's, the other week, you were surrounded by the statues of dead soldiers and sailors—Nelson and Collingwood and Howe. Your Church preaches peace, you see, but still worships war.

Recently, in your great cathedral at Canterbury, your Dean was broad-minded enough to invite the head of the Salvation Army to preach in the cathedral of Thomas à Becket to Salvationists astounded that your Church was tolerant enough to let them use the building.

But this sort of thing seldom happens. Most of your clergy regard the Free Churches as "lesser breeds without the law," and, while the best Nonconformist leaders are groping towards reunion with your Church of England, it wastes its time in seeking closer contact with the Greek Church, tyrants of the Old Russia, which has nothing whatever to do with this country.

Your Church drove out Wesley. Much of it, to-day, would like to drive out Barnes of Birmingham, who recently, when asked by the best-known Nonconformist preacher in the Midland capital, "What will you do if the Bishop of Truro prosecutes you in the courts?" replied, "I have my bag packed for prison."

"Bishop," said the Nonconformist who told me, "if you go to prison two-thirds of Birmingham would like to go with you."

For Barnes, whatever his theology, is a modern man, on the side of nearly all those things that would make a happier England.

* * *

Well, now, when your Church is ignored by most of the people for whom it is supposed to function—your National Church is no more national than the National Government—you have astounded England by directing your clergy, once again, to break the law.

You have urged them to refuse Church marriage to divorced people whether they are innocent or not, although they are obliged, by law, to marry innocent parties.

People who sought freedom from a loathsome marriage tie have an inalienable common law right to marriage by your clergymen. Yet now, with an intolerance which has shocked millions of people, you have directed all your clergy that they are not to marry people who have not been baptised, or people who have been divorced, even if it was not their fault, but their misfortune.

A greater Preacher than you once said, of a woman taken in adultery, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Your Church, if it obeys your order, will be casting a stone at people who have not sinned.

"I thought that Christ taught us to forgive sinners," said a famous Anglican parson to me, when I told him I was writing this letter to you.

Surely you understand that, more and more, to-day, people disregard your ceremonies. Registry-office marriages, once thought shameful, are now almost the rule. You are weakening your own position. You are putting yourself outside the pale.

* * *

What you should do is to leave the very difficult question as to whether or not a divorced person should be married in church to the conscience and the experience of each parson. He should know all the facts.

No one would compel him to marry somebody if his conscience prevented him. Freedom of conscience must be protected by us all.

But there are so many cases—and he, if he were a real parson, would know the human inside of each story—where, by marrying in church some poor woman who has been sinned against, he might help in the great work of re-establishing her life.

Your iron rule, your rigid discipline, can do no good. It can only do inevitable harm, not only to innocent people, but, in the end, to the Church you are pledged to protect.

I warn you. You are in a minority. You have joined the Backwoodsmen.

We want leadership to a greater future, not a return to a sorry past.

We seek the way of Betterment. Guide us! Lead us! You have the brains.

Get rid of your prejudice.

Another Hannen Swaffer Open Letter Next Week

"JOHN BULL'S" CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. H. C. A. BINGLEY,
Marylebone Police Court, London

DEAR SIR,—I strongly approve of your remarks on the "rubbishy" excuses frequently made by shoplifters. If offenders are rich enough, you say, they get Harley Street specialists to give evidence on their behalf.

But you spoilt the effect by letting off the shoplifter before you with a mere fine of forty shillings.

Only by strong sentences can stipendiary magistrates remove the impression that well-connected women often escape justice while poorer women with no influence suffer the full penalties of the law.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR DUCKHAM: Good news that Federation British Industries trying build up Council of Industry for Government to consult on trade questions. It has long been needed.—JOHN BULL.

BOB SPENCER,
Sheffield

DEAR BOB,—Cheering spectators who saw you knocked out after a game struggle against Fred Naylor at Derby did not know that the fight meant much more to you than just another achievement in your boxing career.

Because your mother might die without a certain treatment, you accepted the match on a winner-takes-all basis, hoping to raise the necessary funds. Fortunately, these circumstances were known to Mr. Frank Woodhouse, the promoter, who generously gave you a large proportion of the purse and paid your fare.

You deserved to win. May you do so in your next fight. JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF LONDON,
Fulham Palace

DEAR BISHOP,—You have withdrawn the licence of a Middlesex parson, the Rev. H. Hamilton-Maughan, who believes the reason is that he played darts with parishioners in public-houses

I hope this does not mean, my lord, that a game of darts is a grave sin in the eyes of the Church. If so, is bridge or cricket less irreligious? But perhaps it is a crime for a clergyman to enter a public-house. I do not know if any bishop plays darts, but several have visited public-houses and seem none the worse for it. JOHN BULL.

HUGH JONES,
Newmarket, Dyserth, Wales

BRUTE,—A fine of £4 14s. is too lenient for an offence so lacking in human feeling as yours. A sheepdog was found locked in a coal-house at your house. Its hind legs were paralysed and, though it was starving, it had not the energy to lap the milk placed before it.

The dog had been run over and had lain in this condition for six weeks. All true Welshmen will be disgusted by your callousness. And they will echo my opinion, I am sure, that you should have been sent to prison without the option of a fine. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL: Congratulations on Children's Charter Bill. Excellent clause which disallows holding of juvenile courts in police stations and death sentence under 18. I have long advocated this.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ALBERT HUMPHRIES,
Weybridge, Surrey

DEAR SIR,—One of the gravest faults of our industrial system is that little provision is made for the old age of the workers.

As Chairman of the Joint Industrial Council for the milling industry, you have been largely responsible for the scheme which will provide every milling worker with a pension at sixty-five and will ensure that, if his firm fails, he shall receive a substantial sum.

I have been pressing for this policy for many years. Let us hope that other trades will quickly follow your fine example. JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR WALTER,—At eighty-four years of age you have the spirit of the young sailorman you once were.

At a banquet of the Southampton Master Mariners' Club you joined with gusto in the singing of "Blow the Man Down," the famous sea chanty, and thereby added to the blue-water, carefree atmosphere of the proceedings.

Your life has been one of pluck and hard work, and now, in the evening of your days, you can show the younger generation the result of it—kindliness of mind, breadth of vision, and still a joy in the simple things of earthly existence. A wonderful example to all.

"Blow the Man Down"! It will take a lot of gusts to do that to you!

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

PROFESSOR LANCELOT HOGBEN: "Happily, marriage is still a lottery."

And there are still more prizes than blanks.

* * *

MR. J. M. KEYNES: "It is high time for the reparations 'experts' to leave the room."

Yes, but we shall have to kick them out.

* * *

MR. SCALA: "I have got no interest in horseracing."

But you have got substantial capital out of it!

* * *

MR. HOLFORD KNIGHT, K.C.: "One of the principal duties of the Bar is to keep up the spirits of the jury."

But it generally leaves them juddled!

Page 35

TEDDY'S DIARY

Pore Mummy had a hedake today she wos tired out with housework and wosh and shoping. So I made her some OXO and she soon smiled again and we had Billy in to tea and grate fun and cake.
I'le make Mummy sum more OXO soon.
OXO
Me
Billy (he has funny ears)
Baby
mum
Cake

Hot Oxo at 11 a.m—

or after a busy morning, is almost a universal habit. The Beef food-substances of Oxo are readily absorbed, at once remove fatigue and promote fresh vigour of mind and body. Oxo helps to restore loss of nervous energy and to resist the strain of daily life.

OXO

everybody needs it!

E 27

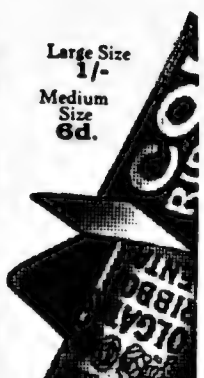
Ronnie's teeth are *wonderfully sound*

his mother knows this *thorough* cleansing dentifrice is their best safeguard

Every night and morning Ronnie does his Colgate exercises. He knows it takes Colgate's to keep his teeth sound.

Mother told him how Colgate's cleans every part of each tooth and carries off those tiny specks of food which would surely start decay.

Large Size 1/-
Medium Size 6d.



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We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1. Send post card (1d. postage.)

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

More for less money on All-British

"BROADCAST" Records

1/6 Ten Inch (Red Label) — *The Famous Long Playing Favourites* — **1/-** Nine Inch

SOME OF OUR LATEST AND GREATEST SUCCESSES

Billy Caryll and Hilda Mundy
Scenes of Domestic Bliss—
Parts 1 & 2 .. .. 3128 1/6

Jack Harris and his Grosvenor House Band. Sweet and Lovely—
This is the Missus .. 3131 1/6

Tommy Handley
Wireless Oscillations and Aggravations
—Parts 1 & 2 .. .. 3133 1/6

Peggy Cochrane and Patrick York
Guilty—Life is just a
Bowl of Cherries .. 3134 1/6

Band of H. M. Welsh Guards
Soldiers' Chorus—Under
the Double Eagle .. 3136 1/6

Wurlitzer Organ (Madame Tussaud's)
Played by EDWARD O'HENRY
In a Monastery Garden—
In a Persian Market .. 795 1/-

"PARADISE ALLEY"
A scene from real life by **The Kids of Paradise Alley. With Barrel Organ, Accordeons, Mouth Organs, etc.** Intro: 'There's a good time coming,' 'Good-night, Sweetheart,' etc. 801 1/-

Bobbie Comber
Rhymes—On a Cold and
Frosty Morning 781 1/-

Sandy Powell
Sandy the Magistrate .. 788 1/-

Harry Roy and His R.K.Olians
From the Leicester Square Theatre
To-day I Feel so Happy—
The Penguin's Patrol .. 792 1/-

Charlie Higgins
Down in the Old Churchyard
—Charlie's Saxophone .. 794 1/-

Monte Hunter
Oh! Mo'nah!—Naw, I
don't wanna be Rich .. 802 1/-

Obtainable from Marks and Spencer's Stores and dealers everywhere.

Listen to the "John Bull" Concert, 10.30 p.m., Sunday, Jan. 31
RADIO PARIS Programme of
"BROADCAST" RECORDS

See page 39 — See page 39

A. G. GARDINER asks—

WHAT Should THESE YOUNG MEN DO?

Must they, too, grow old waiting for a job?

A LETTER lies before me which will serve as a peg on which to hang a petition to the Government. It is an ordinary enough letter, applying for a situation. But the salient passage is this:

"I am thirty-one years of age and I am one of the chronic unemployed who have never had a job. I tell you this to save you the trouble of asking me futile questions about my previous experience. I've had no previous experience. I am one of the thousands of young men who have grown old and worn out waiting for a job that has never turned up."

Now, whatever the merits or demerits of this young man may be, he represents the most disquieting fact in our national life. That fact is the generation of youth that has grown to manhood since the war without ever having had a job or the discipline of employment.

A sad picture

A friend of mine, who went down to County Durham the other week in connection with the Workers' Educational Association, gives me a lamentable picture of the number of young men he met who had never worked, not because they did not want to work or were not capable of work, but because they had never had the opportunity.

It is not only the material waste of this that is so deplorable. Even more serious is the moral and social waste.

The tragedy of the elderly unemployed is pitiful enough, but the tragedy of the unemployed youth is a menace that casts its shadow over the future.

Something, of course, has been done to diminish the evil. In the areas where it is most prevalent training centres for the unemployed youth have been set up under a joint scheme of the Ministry of Labour and the local education authorities and are doing excellent work.

In these Junior Instruction Centres last year 150,000 young unemployed people between the ages of fourteen years and eighteen years underwent training, and as the total registered unemployed between those ages at any one time is 80,000, it will be seen that a large proportion come under some disciplinary and educational treatment.

But this, at the best, is a palliative. It is no substitute for industrial employment and the independence of spirit that employment gives.

And when they pass out of the training centres without employment, as so many of them do, only rare and strong character can resist the degeneration that sets in with enforced idleness.

Disastrous attitude

The problem is, of course, only a by-product of the general disease of unemployment. Until that disease is cured this waste of the rising generation will continue.

A sort of fatalistic acceptance of the situation as incurable has become habitual, and there is no evidence of any definite policy to deal with it.

The facts are once more before us in the Ministry of Labour's survey of unemployment during 1931, just published. It shows, it is true, a fall in the figures between the end of 1930 and the end of 1931 of some 150,000.

In part this was due to a real increase of trade in the last quarter of the year, following upon our departure from the gold standard.

But it was in part illusory, for it included 90,000 persons (mainly married women), who, having under the clean-up of the "abuses" of the insurance system lost the benefit, had ceased to register, although they had apparently not obtained employment.

We have still 2,574,000 of unemployed—or a total percentage among the insured workers of 20.9 per cent.

But for the breeze that sprang up after going off the gold standard we should, so far from holding our own, have been in a desperately worse condition.

As it is, in many of the basic industries the figures of the year are appalling—in some cases representing something like 50 per cent. unemployed; for example, mining 42.5 in December, metal trade 36.5, marine engineering 51.2.

In the shipbuilding industry, indeed, the record almost approaches annihilation. On the Tyne and the Clyde, the percentage of unemployment at present is 72.9 and 71.8 respectively—only one man in four employed.

Things were a little better in the textile trades (cotton 27.4 in December, wool 16.6), thanks to the aforesaid breeze, but the building trade is stricken, for in the present mood no one dares to build.

To digress for a moment from the industrial world which is insured, the case of the professional classes, especially architects, is desperate. Their vocation is practically dead.

I spoke the other day to one of the most famous living architects, who told me that he had not a single job in hand. And his case is the case of nearly all his tribe.

To return to my theme. No one with any appreciation of the calamity that has fallen on this country in common with the whole world supposes that the Government can, by a wave of the wand, banish this terrible plague of unemployment.

It is not a local plague. It infects the world. If we have our two and half million unemployed, the United States has its ten millions, Germany its five millions, France its three millions, and so on.

Nor can the plague be conquered by our country alone. It can only be conquered by the co-operative action and good sense of all countries.

How long we have to wait, how far into the abyss we have to plunge before sanity comes to the rescue, who can say? The outlook is not hopeful, as the Lausanne fiasco shows.

But this is no excuse for accepting our fate as inexorable. We cannot disinfect the world alone, but it ought not to be beyond the wit of Governments to minimise the evil at home. In any case, it is the clear duty of the Government to show fight in this great emergency, and not to drift helplessly upon the stream of events.

That is what is happening to-day. It is what has been happening practically ever since the Mosley episode in the last Government. Up to that time it was at least felt that the Government could not sit with folded hands in the presence of this phenomenon. It must at least face it and combat it.

Stand or fall

But now a deadly palsy has fallen upon the Government in the matter. No remedies are applied, no alleviations are considered, no policies are put forward. The subject has ceased almost to be discussed.

In a sense, the insurance scheme encourages this attitude. It has enabled us to survive the blizzard so far.

If we were in the position of the United States, without that protection against the blast, the Government would be compelled to act. It would talk of nothing else but unemployment.

It would have to devise measures to mitigate it. It would stand or fall by its success or failure to diminish it.

That test should be applied *now*.

Parliament meets next week. It should be the first business of the Government to show that it is alive to this great matter and has a considered policy for its amelioration.

An Impudent Interview

The Film Star Holds the BABY

ENTERING Billie Dove's luxurious apartment, the Impudent Interviewer discerned the "star" lying curled up in a huge bassinet.

"Sorry I can't offer you a cocktail," cooed the Dove. "I'd like to—in fact, I'd like one myself—but I simply dare not."

"Why this sudden respect for the Prohibition laws."

"It's not the law I'm thinking of; it's my dear public. Heaven knows how many dollars it would knock off my next contract!"

"You don't say so? I thought the dare-devil, let's-make-whoopee stuff went down rather well with the film fans."

"Not now," murmured Billie sadly. "All that is changed. You heard, of course, about Norma Shearer having a baby?"

"As a matter of fact, that's what I came to see you about. I read that you had expressed admiration for Norma's courage and I——"

"Not only her courage, but her originality! Don't you think it was marvellously original of her?"

"Well—er—I understand it has been done before."

"Not by a star. That's where Norma got ahead of all of us."

"Very enterprising of her, I'm sure."

"Yes, wasn't it? For years even those stars who, Press prattle apart, really wanted to feel childish arms round their necks had to stifle their maternal yearnings because it was reckoned that motherhood wouldn't be good from a box-office point of view.

"But Norma, the brave girl, just went ahead as if the box-office didn't exist—and what has been the result? Believe me, that kid has been worth its weight in Press clippings!"

"Does that mean that motherhood is likely to come into fashion in Hollywood?"

"I guess it does. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if some companies include a motherhood clause in their contracts."

"Rather rough on the stars who have divorced their last three husbands and are at present unmarried."

"Yep; life is real hard for some girls!" murmured the sympathetic Billie.

"Norma's example shows what the fans want. A cradle well in the limelight and teething being carried on

within sound of the microphone—and a little child shall lead them to the box-office."

"In other words," murmured the Interviewer, "mite is right."

"Of course, we are not all in a position to follow Norma's example," confided the belle in the bassinet. "But we're doing the next best thing—cutting out whoopee and refurnishing our flats."

"Hence, I suppose, the bassinet in place of the customary exotic divan. And now," added the Interviewer, "I take a photograph on condition that while I'm getting my camera ready you trot out a cocktail—not, of course, for publication, but just so that I won't feel homesick imagining that I'm back in merrie England after the curfew has tolled the knell of parting day."

"Right-oh," agreed Billie; "we'll both have one if you don't mind drinking out of a feeding-bottle. After all, one must consider the feelings of one's dear public."

10/-

COMPLETE WITH EVERYTHING READY TO PLAY

Actual size of set 16¾ ins. x 16¾ ins. x 9½ ins.

CASH PRICE **84/-**

FILL YOUR HOME WITH EUROPE'S MUSIC

CASH PRICE WITHOUT VALVES or BATTERIES 52/-

ASTOUNDING 10/- OFFER BY BRITISH RADIO MANUFACTURER

THIS world-famous Super-Two Set is the most compact and trouble-free radio set ever invented. (Yet you can have it playing in your home for 10/- down!)

There are no gadgets or fancy bits to worry you. Simplicity and perfect year-after-year performance are the keynotes of this wonder set. In three years' time it will still be a modern up-to-date set.

A child can fix it up and work it easily. The Super-Two is the Morris of the wireless world—efficient—utterly dependable and inexpensive. Playing for you like clockwork when more elaborate and fancy-priced sets are "not working."

The 1932 Super-Two Set you buy is backed by one of the most modern British factories and a service second to none.

How different to sit by the fireside on winter nights—calling music to you from anywhere at the turn of a dial! Clear, pure-toned music of gramophone volume—you can tone it down quiet if baby's sleeping.

"What station shall we have?"

"Regional?" Push that plug in. You've got Regional, perfectly clear.

"National?" Plug in there. You've got National immediately, and if you would like to hear the world's finest opera from Italy just tune in to Milan or Rome.

Dance music from Paris even on a Sunday evening? There you are—clear as a bell—just think of the enjoyment you can bring to *your* home at such a small cost.

Even with an indoor aerial you can listen to British stations, in full volume, and with an outdoor aerial foreign stations roll in as clear and pure as any standard 4-Valve set.

The Super-Two has been specially tested in 148 centres in every corner of the British Isles, so no matter where you live your Super-Two will give you perfectly satisfactory reception.

9,000 glowing testimonials have already been received from all over the country. Almost every National Newspaper has printed praise of this marvel of British mass-production.

Yet this Super-Two Set is yours for 10/- down, absolutely complete. Then only 9 more Monthly Payments of 9/5

Everything self-contained in the handsome Jacobean oak cabinet (size 16¾ in. by 16¾ in. by 9½ in.) — Super-Two detector and amplifying valves—super-capacity H.T. battery and Grid bias—Super-Two Four Pole balanced armature loudspeaker with special large Super-Two cone, and Super-Two accumulator. Charge the accumulator and your Super-Two is ready to play. The aerial and earth are the only outside wires.

What a marvel of British mass production.

Post special "John Bull" order form below for return post delivery. Guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Immediate delivery guaranteed for cash orders.

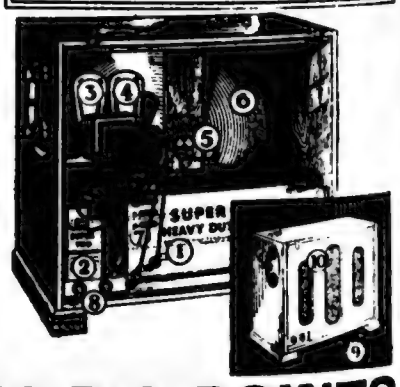
If you prefer to learn more about this amazing set before buying post ENQUIRY FORM below.

HOW THIS PRICE BECAME POSSIBLE

By eliminating all the frills and troublesome gadgets of the ordinary wireless set and concentrating upon utter simplicity and effectiveness, we have, by modern British mass-production methods, achieved what the wireless trade had thought impossible—WE HAVE PRODUCED A 10 GUINEA SET TO SELL AT 84/-. But this was only made possible by making 100,000 sets at a time instead of 1,000, by cutting out intermediate profits, by cutting our costs to the bone, and by buying raw materials and high-grade components at sensationally low rock-bottom prices. . . . Those who buy the Super-Two sets have the added satisfaction of dealing direct with the actual inventors and manufacturers, who are members of the Radio Manufacturers' Association.

SEE AND HEAR IT AND BUY IT ON THE SPOT

from our factory, 317, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London, E.17, and at Super-Two Showrooms, 159, Borough High Street, London, S.E.1, and at 11, Jewry Street, E.C.3, and at 171, Hamlet Court Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.



ORDER FORM

Post to HUSTLER, SIMPSON & WEBB, LTD., 317, HOE STREET, WALTHAMSTOW, E.17.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me carriage paid with full instructions:—

(1) One 1932 Super-Two Set, as advertised, complete with valves, batteries and loudspeaker in Oak cabinet at £4 : 4 : 0.

(2) One 1932 Super-Two Set, without Valves or Batteries, at 52/-.

(3) I enclose 10/- deposit for a 1932 Super-Two Set, complete with valves, batteries and loudspeaker in Oak cabinet on hire purchase terms as advertised. I agree to pay 9 further monthly instalments of 9/5.

(Cross out paragraph 1, 2 or 3 not required.)

I order only on the condition that my Super-Two Set will be delivered in perfect working order.

I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

..... J.B., 30/1/32.

ENQUIRY FORM

Post (½d. stamp on an unsealed envelope will do) to Hustler, Simpson & Webb, Ltd., 317, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, E.17.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me post free, without any obligation on my part, illustrated folder and further details of your 1932 Super-Two Set.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

..... J.B., 30/1/32.

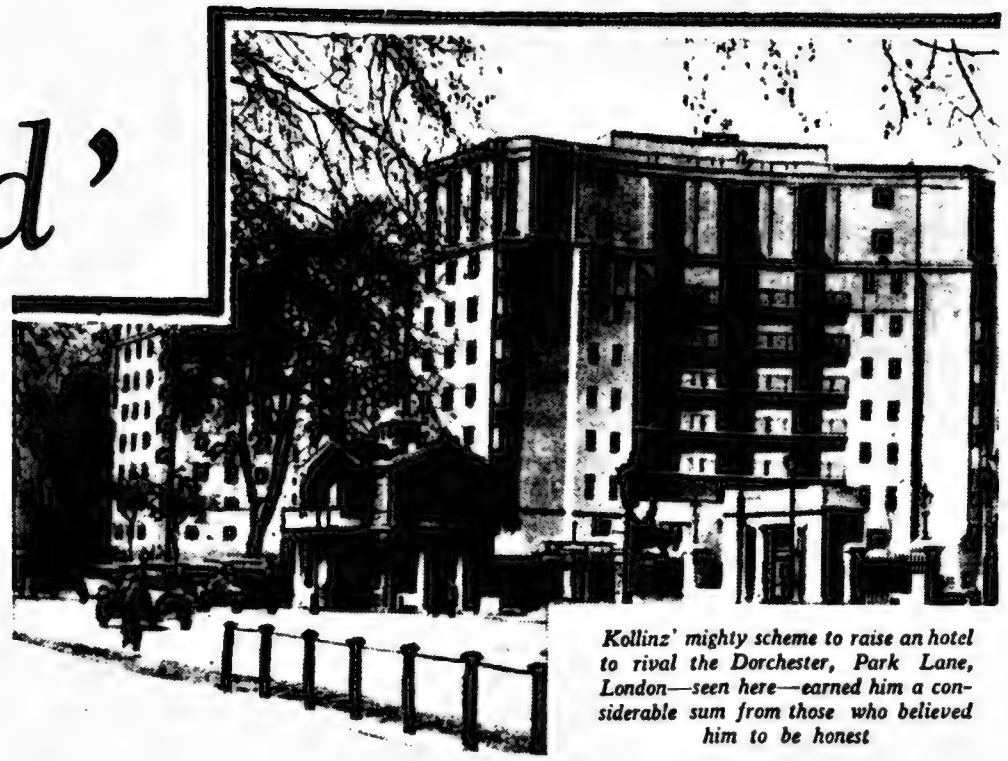
10 BIG POINTS

1. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' 100 *volt super capacity High Tension and Grid Bias Battery.*
2. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' 2 *volt Low Tension Accumulator.*
3. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' *Detector Valve.*
4. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' *Amplifying Valve.*
5. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' *Four Pole balanced armature Loudspeaker unit.*
6. *Special large* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*'—*cone gives natural reproduction of low and high notes.*
7. *Outline of Clamp holding Batteries in position—Accumulator cannot spill.*
8. *Terminals for Aerial and Earth—the only outside wires.*
9. *Back view of* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*.'
10. *Fine gauze prevents vibration and nasal tone giving loud-speaker reproduction back and front.*

★ **TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED** *IMMEDIATE delivery can be given.*

ROGUE'S 'Death-Bed' ALIBI

Exposed by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS



Kollinz' mighty scheme to raise an hotel to rival the Dorchester, Park Lane, London—seen here—earned him a considerable sum from those who believed him to be honest

BEHIND a seemingly innocent report from New York that a young Englishwoman is to be deported to this country lies the well-conceived plot of an international rogue to hoodwink the world into the belief that he is dying.

The woman, who, it is said, will be sent home because evidence of her marriage cannot be produced, is known as the wife of the supposedly dying man.

He is Paul Howard Kollinz, who is described as a wealthy broker by the news agency which broadcast his pitiful tale.

Paul Kollinz may be wealthy, but he is not a broker and he is not dying.

He is a financial adventurer of the worst type, and it would suit his book excellently if the British authorities were thrown off their guard by being made to believe that he is stricken and incapacitated in Atlantic City, where he has been occupying an hotel suite of seven rooms.

Woman left a pauper

Kollinz has recently sought refuge there after a series of astounding escapades in this country, but I have information that he has planned another raid on Britain, to which, of course, he wants to return unnoticed.

My disclosures should put an end to his projects, one of which is to inveigle financiers here into a cunning plan to provide him with funds to lead a commercial mission, with London as a base, to Sweden to sell concesssions of forest land in the Far West.

It is true that the young woman who is described as his wife is about to be deported to England by the U.S.A. immigration department.

He has callously allowed her to become a pauper and enter the workhouse with her baby.

Before he fled to Atlantic City recently, Kollinz carried out some amazing frauds on a number of leaders of industry and commerce in Britain. Only well-known men and the biggest business houses were selected for his attack.

He arrived in London unknown and unheralded, but carried with him letters of introduction from men who are magnates in the money markets of the United States.

Letters bearing such signatures gave him quick and welcome access to business chiefs in Britain.

Telephone trick

To them he represented that he was handling a gigantic deal for the acquisition of concessions of vast areas of timber country in California, which would ensure a cheap and sufficient supply of paper pulp to meet a great part of the world's needs for an indefinite time.

The survey reports and estimates which he produced were splendid documents.

Kollinz, with fine audacity, stipulated a minimum profit to himself of not less than £400,000.

So complete was his deception of the shrewd men of affairs to whom Kollinz outlined his proposition that he even persuaded them to give him the free use of their office telephones for trans-Atlantic calls.

Frequently he spoke on the wireless telephone to New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, but not a penny did he pay towards the heavy bills thus incurred.

All this was part of a great confidence trick. The long-distance telephone communications were intended to impress his potential victims with the genuineness of his connections and influence in the United States.

The suspicions of the capitalists in London were not aroused until it became known that Kollinz had been turned out of a famous hotel where he had been living in semi-regal state and had run up a bill for £400, which he would not pay.

The whole policy pursued by Kollinz from the day he arrived until he left, I have found, was to obtain as much money as he could and pay for nothing.

When a few of the business people he had been meeting got into touch with each other they found that between them during their brief acquaintance with Kollinz they had provided him with £4,000.

Hotels in Spain!

The money thus given to him had nothing to do with his supposed Californian concessions. He had asked for it as temporary loans on a variety of pretexts, chiefly that funds due to him from America had been delayed.

From forests and pulp, Kollinz next turned his attention to hotel-building.

One day he introduced himself to another group of business men in London as the author of a scheme to raise a £2,000,000 hotel on a site overlooking Hyde Park. It was to be the most luxurious establishment in Europe.

Estate-agents, surveyors and contractors were all deceived by him.

An eminent architect was induced to prepare the plans, which he did at a cost of £1,500. Again Kollinz paid nothing.

Instead he coolly "borrowed" £2,500 from this professional man on the plea that a lawyer who acted as his agent in California had been arrested and his bank account, which contained part of Kollinz' fortune, had been temporarily impounded.

During this time Kollinz had formed an association with a twenty-two-year-old girl belonging to a good Hertfordshire family whom he had met at a social function in London.

She also believed his story of wealth and immense business ramifications.

With this young woman Kollinz lived for short periods at Eastbourne, Harrogate, Edinburgh and in Devonshire. Everywhere he went he incurred debts, departing without even paying the rent of the houses he occupied.

At a Hampstead flat where he resided for a few weeks he again played the trans-Atlantic telephone trick in an effort to get money from America.

The landlady had no knowledge that her telephone was being used for such expensive communications, and she has been left with the bill.

One of Kollinz' dupes discovered him when he returned to London and told him that he would place all the facts before Scotland Yard if money advanced was not repaid forthwith. Kollinz undertook to make a complete refund in forty-eight hours.

On the same day he disappeared.

In case he would be intercepted at one port, Kollinz, I discover, booked two passages to New York by different routes. He got away from Southampton, where he obtained a passport visa for his supposed wife by declaring that they had been married in Paris and that the certificate was in a cabin trunk which had been wrongly shipped.

Before he left London, he obtained expensive outfits for his companion, but did not pay for them. He also engaged a nurse for her.

When he returns—

As soon as he reached New York he cast the nurse adrift. She was stranded penniless and had to be supported by the British Consul.

Now in Atlantic City the woman whom he claimed as his wife is destitute with her child and they are to be deported.

It is small wonder Kollinz would like the world to believe he is dying. I have no doubt about the manner of his reception when he ventures back to Britain.

THE SHADY SHADOWERS

COMPLAINTS have reached us from many quarters regarding the affairs of Poole's Traders' Association, County Chambers, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

This organisation professes to help traders by undertaking debt collection, private enquiries and commercial status investigations.

A Stafford firm which was canvassed by a representative of Poole's Traders' Association not long ago entrusted it with a number of accounts for collection.

Shortly afterwards this client discovered that though the association had undoubtedly collected about £12 on his behalf, it had failed to make any move to pass on the money.

It was finally necessary to sue Poole's Traders' Association, and judgment was obtained by default.

But even this was fruitless, as it was then discovered that the association had no goods on which to levy.

Then there is a garage proprietor in Kettering who paid a subscription for twenty-five debt collections.

Several cases were actually undertaken, and a certain amount of cash was recovered, but the client has only been able to obtain a proportion of it.

A Bournemouth firm is in a similar predicament, and complaints have been so rife in the motor trade that a special warning has been circulated regarding the unsatisfactory methods employed by Poole's Traders' Association, in the hope that others may be saved from falling into its toils.

Phantom SHIP *Swindle*

AN enterprising trickster, named A. Webb, is advertising in provincial newspapers for fourteen youths to take up posts in a new Service ship under Admiralty control.

Applicants, who naturally assume that the announcement is an official one, are favoured with a letter purporting to come from "Atcherley and Sons, Employment and Shipping Agency," of London and Liverpool.

They are told that the firm's "York agent," Mr. Webb, will deal with their application, and in due course they are asked to remit a preliminary fee as agency commission for their appointment.

One unemployed man, whose home is in Leeds, was asked to send 5s. in this way, and he did so, fully believing that he had been lucky enough to secure one of the promised posts with the new Service ship.

Mr. Webb even went so far as to instruct this victim to proceed to Hull and to report for duty at his company's branch office in Chariot Street.

The poor fellow did so, only to find that he was one of a number of dupes who had been cruelly misled.

There was no branch office in the street in question, and the address given was actually an accommodation one for the receipt of letters only.

As complaints are mounting up against Mr. Webb unemployed men will do well to bear these facts in mind.

All Profits to the Hospitals!

GREAT 'DAILY HERALD' 'HELP-THE-HOSPITALS' CONTEST

CHOOSE THE 12 BEST SLOGANS AND WIN A FORTUNE

£20,000 for 6D

£5,000 EXTRA

To the Winner, making £25,000 in all, if he or she is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

2nd Prize, £250. 3rd Prize, £100.

Organised by the British Charities Association.

Chairman: LORD LUKE.

All prizes guaranteed by the "Daily Herald"—all profits to the Hospitals.

IN front of you as you read this announcement is the greatest opportunity you have ever had in your life—the opportunity to win the record sum of £20,000 for 6d.

On the Entry Form on the right you will find 28 Hospital Slogans—Select the best **twelve**, and this gigantic fortune may be yours. All you have to do is to place **twelve** Crosses only in each Entry Column you complete. **You are not asked to place the Slogans in any order of merit.**

Read carefully through the Slogans on the right. Which are most likely to help the Hospitals? Remember how such Slogans as "Safety First" have saved thousands of lives. In this Contest we want your help in selecting slogans for our hospitals, Slogans that may also save lives. Judgment and skill may win for you £20,000. This huge "Help the Hospitals" Contest is run by the "Daily Herald" in conjunction with the **British Charities Association**—a famous body whose donations to Hospital and other Charities already exceed £225,000.

An Appeal from "John Bull"

The Hospitals are in urgent need it is the duty of one and all to help. "John Bull" appeals to all its readers to enter for this Great Contest. Every entry means Help for the Hospitals and an opportunity to win £20,000.

Help the Hospitals!

All the prizes are guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will go to the Hospitals.

The record first prize of £20,000 must be won and an extra £5,000 will be paid to the winner, making £25,000 in all, if he or she is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

Think of it! A little thought—a few strokes of the pen—a Sixpence—and the result may be a cheque for £20,000. By entering for this Contest you may do yourself the best turn you have ever done in your life—in any case, you will do a good turn for the Hospitals who are so urgently in need of funds.

Send in your entry for this great contest early and in a few weeks' time when the result is decided, the telegram announcing the winner may be despatched to you.

There is no time like the present—fill in the form on the right to-day while you think of it—and if you wish to send in further attempts you will find Entry Forms every day in the "Daily Herald."

Great "Daily Herald" HELP-THE-HOSPITALS Contest

Organised by the British Charities Association
Chairman: Lord Luke.
1st PRIZE—£20,000
£5,000 extra if winner is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald"
2nd Prize—250 3rd Prize—100

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Hospital Slogans by placing a X against those selected, in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!	One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1 —To pity is human—to give, divine.					
2 —A little down helps someone up.					
3 —Our first aid needs your aid first.					
4 —There's a welcome in Hospital for any "Mite" of yours.					
5 —They're a National Credit—their support a National Debt.					
6 —A cot—means a lot—to some tot!					
7 —Better to give than receive—Hospital Treatment.					
8 —To someone it may mean—"Your money or my life."					
9 —They deserve our praise and preserve our days.					
10 —Give a Helping Hand to Helping Hands.					
11 —"L.S.D." means Lives Saved Daily.					
12 —Give will to make well.					
13 —Coins cannot calculate but every copper counts.					
14 —They need more help to help more.					
15 —They put you on your feet—give them a hand.					
16 —A good prescription—your subscription.					
17 —If Health is Wealth, Hospitals are the Mint.					
18 —We need your help—you may need ours.					
19 —We cannot say "come in" unless we have an income					
20 —Lives are in our hands—our lives are in yours!					
21 —The key to the Hospital problem is—in your pocket!					
22 —Your little bit may make somebody fit.					
23 —Your "present" may decide someone's future.					
24 —The health of each is the concern of all.					
25 —Give and let live.					
26 —Someone will thank you—for Life!					
27 —We're building health—be a brick and help.					
28 —Patients have Faith—doctors, Hope—have you Charity?					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering. .....entries.

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) **J.B.2**

—————————Cut Along Here—————————

Address your Entry: (Dept. J.B.2), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Watch the "Daily Herald" for Closing Date which will be announced shortly

RULES AND CONDITIONS

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the Competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to **Dept. J.B.2, BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

(5) After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of eminent Hospital Authorities and Publicity Experts, who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or misdirected, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of the British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

FURTHER ENTRY FORMS APPEAR EACH DAY IN THE "DAILY HERALD."

COUPS of a MOCK MILLIONAIRE

SEASIDE towns and watering-places have lately become a popular hunting-ground for benevolent men who have shares to sell and schemes for making fat profits to give away.

At the boarding and guest houses and private hotels in these resorts they can make contact with the type of people they favour as prey—middle-class folk who have little knowledge of the stock markets and who do not expect to be victimised in the friendly atmosphere of holiday homes.

Visitors to the south coast of England should be on their guard particularly against David Alexander, of 117, Victoria Drive, Eastbourne. He is a cruel and cunning cheat.

Alexander is an adept in the promotion of spurious companies and in the disposal of worthless shares, but his name will never be found in the records of these concerns.

A few months ago a curious company named the Dower Syndicate, Ltd., came into existence. It has a paid-up capital of only £8, held by the son and daughters of Alexander, who live with him at Eastbourne.

Ten days later Alexander again anonymously, created another strange company, which he called Auto Hairdressing Salons, Ltd. This was merely a device to enrich the Alexander family.

Practically all the money obtained from the public for investment in Auto Salons has passed to the Dower Syndicate, and the duped shareholders have been left in the lurch with only worthless certificates as souvenirs of Alexander's trickery.

People whom Alexander induced to subscribe money to the hairdressing company and appointed directors have been amazed to discover that, without their knowledge, a spurious document in prospectus form bearing their names has been issued. It is a glowing document forecasting dividends of 50 per cent., but from beginning to end it is a sham.

Impressive pomposity

To obtain investments in the comic hairdressing company, which has no shops and has only made a pretence of carrying on business, Alexander poses before visitors to Eastbourne as a millionaire financier.

One man from London who wished to spend this winter in Eastbourne and who has parted with £150 was appointed manager of the company by Alexander.

Soon he discovered that it was a fictitious post and that the salary promised would never be paid.

Before asking for his money Alexander invited this man to accompany him on a drive in a Rolls-Royce motor-car. The car was stopped outside an estate-agent's office, but Alexander would not deign to descend. He clapped his hands to bring out the agent's clerk and, still seated in the car, asked to be supplied from the pavement with particulars of a Sussex mansion which he contemplated buying.

Alexander also confided to this victim that on the previous night a party of bankers from London had arrived at his house and waited until he came home in the early morning to obtain his advice on company law and large-scale investments.

Another trick which he commonly plays to inspire the confidence of prospective dupes is to receive important but bogus telephone calls while he is attending a party at a local guest house.

Here is an illustration of what happens—the telephone bell rings and he is called. He returns with a gesture of annoyance, and mentions that a party of eminent doctors from London has appeared at his house to seek his help in finding £250,000 to build a nursing-home with massage departments and electric baths.

'Phone trick victims

"They can wait my convenience," he declares in off-handed manner as he resumes his seat at the card-table.

Gradually he brings the general conversation round to the subject of safe investment, and proceeds to try to find buyers in the company for his rubbishy shares. Every £100 they invest, he tells them, will almost immediately become worth £150.

A husband and wife from Stafford on a visit to Eastbourne found Alexander present at a party on the last night of their stay.

As usual he was called to the telephone. On this occasion he came back to the drawing-room in a state of high elation.

The summons he had received, he announced, was from the London Stock Exchange. (It was then late in the evening, and the Exchange had been closed for hours.)

Clerks, he added, were on all-night duty because important developments were taking place and there would be a "call-over" after midnight which he had been asked to go to London to attend.

Before the party broke up Alexander had sold another packet of stumer shares.

Next morning the visitors from Stafford had scarcely taken their seats on the homeward train at Eastbourne station when Alexander appeared at the door of the compartment.

Fantastic scheme

Overnight, he declared, the shares in which he dealt had risen sharply. They were still appreciating, and in a few hours would be unobtainable.

From his pocket Alexander produced a sheaf of script which he said he had bought for a young man for £400 and which was now worth £4,000.

Before the train left he had disposed of still more shares.

When Alexander was confronted by one of his victims the other day, he outlined a scandalous scheme to "pay out the squealers," as he said.

This was the launching of another company to be called Cigarette Cabinets, Ltd., which would supply to private houses automatic cigarette machines fitted with a clock, mirror, calendar and hat and hair brushes.

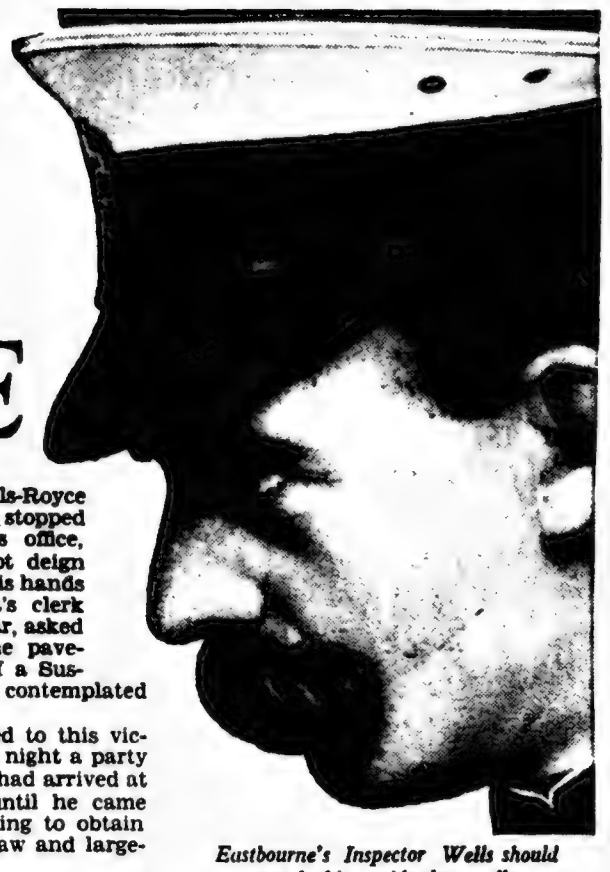
Whatever capital was invested in this crazy company, Alexander promised, would be paid over to those who felt they had been swindled by the mythical hairdressing saloons enterprise, and by his family syndicate which had received all their money.

For this purpose he was to send out an emissary to raise the first £500 from two maiden ladies.

After hearing Alexander's wicked proposals, the investor consulted the police. We recommend the authorities to begin a full investigation.

Alexander is undischarged from a nasty bankruptcy of two years ago for £8,500 which followed the shipwreck of a number of petrol and oil companies promoted by him and an award of heavy damages against him for fraudulent misrepresentation.

His new activities must be stopped.



Eastbourne's Inspector Wells should watch this seaside share-seller

TEN PER CENT. BONUS *for Our Readers*

Gigantic New Insurance Benefits—Burglary and Fire Extensions

YOU hold in your hands a memorable issue of JOHN BULL. Not only have great and far-reaching editorial improvements been instituted, but gigantic extensions have been made in our Free Home Insurance.

Not only are the benefits more comprehensive, but the protection of every reader's home has been made more secure.

The announcement which JOHN BULL makes to-day is an historic one, for it marks the introduction of a generous Bonus Scheme for every Registered Reader of three months' standing and over—the offer of a startling new and exclusive benefit without precedent in the history of newspaper Free Insurance and the dramatic increase of the Fire Benefit up to £1,000.

Here are the particulars of the innovations which JOHN BULL offers to its readers to-day in order to mark a memorable event in the triumphant progress of Britain's Greatest Weekly.

10 per cent. Bonus on all benefits paid

In planning our great surprise we naturally considered our regular readers first, and from to-day onwards every registered reader who has taken JOHN BULL regularly for three months or more, will be paid a 10 per cent. Bonus on all benefits which he may receive.

This means, for instance, that if under our increased Fire Benefit the loss should be assessed at £1,000, our regular readers will receive an additional bonus of £100—and so with every other benefit throughout our Free Insurance Scheme.

Burglary up to £200

The introduction of this benefit will create a profound sensation. It is the first time a newspaper has taken such a step; but JOHN BULL, one of the pioneers of Free Insurance in this country, leads the way, and by the addition of this startling new and exclusive benefit affords the most complete and perfect protection for the home.

There is no need for us to emphasise the ever-present menace of burglary; to guard against it is the duty of every householder, and JOHN BULL now offers to take this heavy responsibility off the shoulders of every reader.

Fire Increased up to £1,000

As a preliminary step to the extensions of our Free Insurance Scheme, we announced, a few days ago, the increase of our Fire Benefit from £400 to £1,000.

It should be pointed out that under our Fire Benefit the loss as assessed is paid in full and that there are no deductions whatever, as is the case with other newspaper insurances.

Think what these additional benefits mean! Your home represents more to you than anything else in the world. The savings of a lifetime are wrapped up in every article that you see around you.

And now JOHN BULL is ready to protect that home on a scale that is absolutely without parallel.

Fire may reduce your precious belongings to ashes; Burglars may rob you of your treasures; Storm and Flood may create fearful havoc; illness may happen when least expected; accident may come to your home, yet JOHN BULL covers you absolutely free.

Our readers may feel a sense of pride in the fact that the insurance represents the greatest gift of its kind ever made. It has been planned with care to cover both the family and the home in a way that has never before been attempted.

It is a dramatic gesture made from JOHN BULL to its readers; a helping hand stretched out to them in difficult times; an unprecedented enterprise to mark a great step forward.

Those of our readers who are already registered need not re-register—they are fully qualified for the new and increased benefits which come into force to-day.

Those who are already registered readers of three months' standing are entitled to JOHN BULL'S special 10 per cent. bonus. Those who are not yet registered should fill in the forms on page 5 without delay.

Bogus Shops INSPECTOR

PROVINCIAL shopkeepers are being cleverly defrauded by a many-aliased rogue, who poses as an inspector employed by some well-known manufacturers.

In Reading the other day he had the audacity to pretend that he represented the famous firm of Rowntrees, of York.

In this guise he called upon a shopkeeper, handed in a card, and said that he was making a personal call on all customers throughout the country in connection with a new campaign for securing closer co-operation between manufacturer and retailer.

Then he raised the subject of outstanding accounts, which he said he was authorised to collect on the spot, if convenient to shopkeepers.

In this instance a sum of £5 4s. happened to be due, so the Reading shopkeeper thought that it might as well be cleared.

He accordingly handed cash to the supposed inspector, who promptly filled in a printed receipt, applied a rubber stamp bearing the name of Rowntree and Co., Ltd., and signed on the firm's behalf as "A. E. Watts, Inspector."

Other well-known names which he has used to further his criminal ends include John Player and Sons, Ltd., and Cadbury Brothers, Ltd.

£100 CASH A DAY

GIVEN AWAY FOR ARMY CLUB "CLUBLETS"

Buy your "Daily Herald" to-day and enter this popular new competition now. Remember, there is a prize every day, except Sunday, until further notice.

The makers of Army Club Cigarettes are determined that every reader of "John Bull" shall prove for himself that a packet of full-size, top quality, 20-for-a-shilling cigarettes can be bought for 10½d.

'Smoking is believing'—so they offer a magnificent daily prize of £100, knowing full well that once you have tried Army Club you will never again pay more for any cigarette. Nothing to pay—only the front of a 10 packet for each attempt. And the competition is the simplest ever devised. Get a packet now, settle down to enjoy the fine flavour of these wholesome cigarettes; compose your Army "Clublet"—and the £100 may be yours in a few short days.

HOW TO WIN (1) Write a phrase about Army Club Cigarettes of not more than 12 words. One or more words in the phrase must be taken from a headline in a current copy of the "Daily Herald." (2) Underline the word or words you have taken from the "Daily Herald." (3) Send this in on the coupon taken from the same issue of the "Daily Herald" or on a sheet of plain paper bearing your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, together with the front of a packet of Army Clubs. A packet of 10 entitles you to one attempt. A packet of 20 entitles you to two attempts. (4) You may enter as often as you like, provided that your attempts are accompanied by Army Club Packet fronts, as specified above. You may enclose as many entries as you like in each envelope. See that your name and address is on each entry. (5) Post entries in sealed envelope bearing correct postage to Army "Clublets" No.* Competition, Cavanders Ltd., 126 Commercial Street, London, E.1 (Comp.).

★ *Give number of Competition according to "Daily Herald" coupon.*

NOTE Entries must be received by noon on the closing day to be eligible for that day's prize of £100. The £100 a day prize will be given every day except Sunday until further notice for the best Army "Clublet" received All Army "Clublets" will be judged by a staff of competition experts, and the test will be Aptness, Cleverness and Originality. Every Prize Winner will be individually notified by telegram and letter. The name and address of the prize winners will be announced daily in the "Daily Herald."

RULES (1) Entries must be made in ink. All entries become the copyright of Cavanders Ltd. Any entry that is altered or otherwise not complying with the conditions and directions will be disqualified. (2) No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost or mislaid and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. (3) The decision of the proprietors of "Army Club" Cigarettes on all matters relating to this contest must be accepted as final and legally binding, and no correspondence will be entered into.

NOTHING TO PAY
NEWEST, EASIEST, QUICKEST RESULT
MUST-BE-WON
DAILY COMPETITION
NO NEED TO CLAIM

★

Study these examples

"Daily Herald" Headline "*Why does not Shakespeare speak? Page 3, Jan. 19th.*

"CLUBLET": "*If Shakespeare spoke, he'd say 'Give me an Army Club.'*"

"CLUBLET": "*Why speak of others? Army Club have no rival.*"

"CLUBLET": "*An 'Army Club' smoker does not change—neither do Army Clubs!*"

Here are others from recent issues of the "Herald": *Army Clubs are very mild.*"

Army Clubs—aiming at million new smokers per day.

800 miles race through Floods for packet of Army Clubs—worth it!

£5 per day for tobacconists. A £5 note will be sent each day to the tobacconist who supplied the winner with 'Army Club.'

Employees of Godfrey Phillips Ltd. the "Daily Herald," its associated companies and members and their families, are not allowed to compete.

ARMY CLUB CIGARETTES

20 for 10½d. 10 for 5½d.

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., Proprietors. "*Phillips for Flavour*"

FOR YOUR £100 POST TO-DAY!

COUPON IN TO-DAY'S DAILY HERALD

I Went to JAIL for INCOME-TAX

by A VICTIM

The last warning. Unless he can plead well the shadow of prison bars will become a grim reality

SCORES of my friends are saying that they will have to go to jail because they cannot pay their income-tax. Some of them, indeed, tell me that they would *rather* go to jail.

I expect that thousands of men all over the country have been making similar remarks in the last few weeks. Of course, they say it half in jest. Well, I hope it will always remain a jest to them.

I *did* go to jail because I could not pay my income-tax, and, believe me, the experience was far from pleasant.

Why I could not pay does not matter for the purposes of my story, nor does the process of the court which led up to the police-sergeant calling for me at my home. . . .

He came one June evening. I was working in my garden when my small son came down to tell me that a policeman had come to see me.

I followed my boy into the house, where the sergeant awaited me. He told me kindly that he had come to take me away on the committal order of two periods of seven days, to run concurrently.

"Good-bye!"

My wife, poor woman, was rather stunned, although she had been expecting it as much as I.

The police-sergeant was very decent throughout, and in the few minutes that remained my wife made tea, to which we all sat down. Then I said "Good-bye!"

I went with the sergeant first to the district police-station. There the court's order was read over to me. I was then searched and placed in a cell for the night.

The next morning, a plain-clothes policeman took me to Brixton Prison. I had expected to see the inside of "Black Maria" for the first time, but instead of that we went by 'bus.

We went first to an office inside the main hall, where the detective was given a receipt for my safe delivery.

I was then taken to a reception-cell, a small, square, wooden cell, furnished with a plank seat, and there the key was turned on me.

About an hour went by in this isolation. Meantime, I summoned up what consoling thoughts I could.

I tried not to think of my wife left alone with the children, to live somehow for the succeeding days on the few shillings left over from my casual employment of the previous week.

There was nothing in the cell upon which to fix my attention.

All the contents of my pockets had gone, but I remember at last discovering a portion of an old newspaper which I had folded months before into my hat-lining to make it a better fit.

I read every line of this torn page, over and over again.

The bath queue

But all things come to an end, and at last I heard the key rattle again in the cell lock.

I was ordered out into the corridor, and I followed the warder along to a central hall, where there was a crowd of men who had been brought in that morning.

Warders appeared and marshalled us into a queue outside the bath-houses.

After a bath, I was led back to my wooden cell again and locked in. This time, however, there was only about half-an-hour's wait before the door was unlocked again, and I rejoined the other newcomers for a medical inspection.

This was a very perfunctory affair, and was soon over. The whole party of us were marched back again to the hall, and lined up in front of a chief warder, who, in true sergeant-major fashion, bawled out a long list of the things we might do and the things we might not do during our enforced stay.

During all this time, I had not spoken a word to any of my fellow-inmates. Strict silence was enjoined.

The "orders" parade over, we were each handed a clean pillow-case containing a hairbrush, comb, soap and towel, and a badge bearing a number.

Strict instructions were given that this badge was to be kept fastened to the lapel of our coats, and dire penalties were threatened if the badge was taken off during our stay.

We were now sorted out into our respective blocks. Those with me were led off to "C" block, which I was to know later as the "Dodgers'" block.

Almost all of us that morning were income-tax defaulters, although men in for non-payment of rates and other debts were also in this block.

Alone . . .

The warder led me along to my cell, and threw open the door.

"See if there is any water in your bowl,' he said curtly. "Yes," I replied, after verifying the fact by peering round the angle of the door.

"All right," he said, "get inside."

I stood there with my pillow-case bag in my hand, surveying my new home. Hinged against the wall was a folding bed. A wall seat and a fixed table completed the rest of the furniture.

I heard twelve o'clock strike from some clock near by, and thought of the busy mid-day world outside.

A few minutes went by, and then I heard the clattering of dishes and the opening of cell doors.

Mine opened in due course, and there stood a warder and a prisoner in jail uniform, who handed me my dinner. Up till then I had not realised how hungry I was, and the appearance of the soup, potatoes and scrap of meat in the pewter pannikin did not curb my appetite.

I was left undisturbed for an hour, when the warder and duty prisoner reappeared to collect the utensils.

The warder, noticing my empty dishes, grinned sarcastically and said, "If you like to hurry with it, you can have a bit more." Nodding his head towards the next cell, he explained: "Chap in there hasn't eaten his. Seems to be fretting or something."

I thanked him, but refused a further helping, and the door slammed again. After a few minutes I heard shouts of "Exercise!"

We prisoners were then led out along the galleries, down to the hall, and out into a walled yard. Here we wandered about for some forty minutes.

All of us in this yard were from the "Dodgers'" block, and we were allowed to talk.

After exercise, back to cells again. Then more weary waiting until just before 4 p.m., when my door was opened again. Standing there was a prison official, called "the Schoolmaster." With him was a duty prisoner carrying a basket of books.

The schoolmaster gave me one measuring glance, then stooped down into his basket. He hovered almost imperceptibly over the pile of books, then picked out two, which he threw at me without a word.

One book was a missionary's adventures in Africa, and the other something equally innocuous.

After the visit of the literary gentleman came tea, consisting of cocoa and a hunk of bread and butter. That over, we were locked in for the night.

I made up my bed, laid down, and tried to sleep. My attempt was a failure, however.

The summer daylight slowly waned in the cell. Sometimes I tried to read, but mostly I lay listening to the faint noises of the prison, thinking with despair of my wife and children.

The next morning we were called at 6.40. Cell doors were flung open, and we were ordered to make up our beds and clean the cells.

After that a warder came along to ask if we had any complaints to make. A few minutes earlier I had noticed a card affixed in a slot outside my cell door. On it in printed capitals were the words "Unconvicted Prisoner," with the date of my reception and the term entered in ink.

Free again

I noticed the date was the present one, and pointed out to the warder that I had come the day before.

He looked doubtfully from me to the card, and then grunted sourly, "We don't make mistakes here."

However, he took away the card, which was afterwards corrected. Otherwise I was down to serve a day extra.

Breakfast arrived soon—tea, something called porridge, and bread. An hour later there were shouts of "Chapel," and we marched down to service, walking two paces apart.

Afterwards came the Governor's inspection.

Each day thereafter was an exact replica of the dreary round of the day before.

None of us was required to do any work beyond the cleaning of our cells and the polishing of our eating utensils. In some of the cells mail-bag canvas and needles were thrown to the occupants.

They could work or not, as they pleased. Any work so completed was paid for at the rate of 2s. 6d. a week.

At long last came the day of my release. At nine in the morning we were paraded before the Governor again for the last silent inspection.

We handed over our pillow-case and its contents, and received back our possessions, with any money we had earned during our stay.

Then the doors were opened and I stepped outside again, a free man.

I returned to my wife and family, feeling like a sad stranger, after having passed through an ordeal I shall never wish to repeat.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't be Bashful!

EGOTISM is usually supposed to be one of the seven deadly sins; and in one sense it is. People who think too much about themselves, who over-value themselves, or who place themselves on a self-created pedestal, are simply an intolerable nuisance to everyone.

There is another sort of egotism, however, that, far from being a vice, is a positive virtue—the egotism that enables a man to hold up his head and look the world in the face in the clear consciousness that he is the equal of his fellows. There is nothing deadlier than the chronic sense of undervaluation of oneself that modern psychologists have called an "inferiority complex."

It kills initiative, destroys incentive, and induces mental flabbiness. It is a mental poison, the only antidote to which is carefully cultivated clarity of thought and determined resolution.

Faith in the power to achieve, faith in the ability to create, faith in the capacity to do whatever has to be done—these are facets of an egotism that need not, and should not, lead to any sense of superiority over one's fellows, but that should most emphatically create a sense of superiority over circumstances. "They can who think they can" is still one of the keys of life.

GIANTS OF FICTION

Warwick Deeping's *Greatest Character*—

SORRELL

Interv

A JUNE day after heavy wind and rain, with the sun shining upon a wet and glistening world.

Sorrell buttoned up an old brown mackintosh, and with a hank of bass in one pocket, went out to rescue some of his delphiniums which had suffered from the wind and rain.

Many of the blue spires were leaning this way and that, and touching them with the long and sensitive fingers of his, he may have thought how much more strange was all this wet and sun-splashed beauty than the life of a hotel.

Yet he of all men knew that strange things happen in hotels, for to these caravanseraies gather people who are restless and unhappy, lonely people, homeless people, victims of the sex adventure.

Hidden behind a sheaf of dark-blue larkspur he heard himself hailed.

"You there, sir?"

It was the voice of Hulks, the "Pelican's" head porter, who had succeeded to Sorrell's shoes, a Hulks who was growing a little more stout and stately.

In the days that were past he and Sorrell had handled luggage together, but that did not prevent Hulks from calling Sorrell "sir."

"I'm over here, Albert. Anything wrong?"

The responsibilities of an hotelier may be at times of a somewhat delicate texture, and Hulks had orders to report to his manager anything that was unsual.

Hulks came across the little lawn where the old apple-tree grew, and his official coat matched some of the larkspur petals.

"Rather a queer party just pulled in, sir."

Sorrell had a length of bass looped round a sheaf of stems, and he knotted it off.

"Staying?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Marks has put 'em in No. 3."

"Just how queer, Bert?"

"A flashy two-seater, sir, and a flashy gent who might be Buck's younger brother, and a lady."

"Nothing very unusual, Bert."

"Well, the lady was blubbing, sir."

Sorrell straightened his long back, and drew out another strand of bass from his coat pocket.

"Have they registered?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Baskervill."

"Where from?"

"Just London, sir."

"What's your idea, Bert?"

Hulks had a pretty shrewd appreciation of life as viewed from the porter's desk of an hotel.

"A mock honeymoon, sir. Gent's suitcase solid yellow leather, the lady's—fibre, and not so very new at that. Besides——"

"Besides, Bert?"

"Well, sir, she looks scared, sir, like a woman who has taken the train and wished she hadn't. What's more, the fellow looks like butcher's meat, and pretty raw at that."

Sorrell came out from the border on to the grass, and his eyes seemed to be gazing at some picture out of the past.

"Where are they now, Bert?"

"In the lounge, sir. The gent has ordered tea."

"I'll come and have a look at them."

Sorrell could observe the lounge from the glass window of the reception office. The Baskervills were in the far left-hand corner, but sufficiently near for him to observe their faces.

The woman was a pretty, dark thing; the man one of those big, blonde beasts who run to bulk and belly.

He sat solidly in his club-chair, munching bread-and-butter. It was obvious to Sorrell that the woman was frightened of him, and that their mutual adventure, whatever it was, had encountered rough weather.

The man passed his empty cup to his companion.

"Feeling better? Yes, another cup, please."

She did not reply. Her hand was so unsteady that she upset the empty cup. The man looked annoyed.

"Pull yourself together. Yes, two lumps. You ought to know that by now."

* * *

Sorrell had come to realise that a man can look at a woman in various ways as he looks at a nice child or a dear comrade, or as he might contemplate a dish of fruit or a pork chop.

Baskervill's eyes were offensively greedy. They seemed to emit a blue and devouring glare.

"I may as well send that wire."

She looked at him appealingly. Her face suggested to Sorrell a frightened, dark pansy, for to him there was a likeness between the faces of some women and of flowers.

"No, please give me a little time."

"Look here, no use funking. You've done the thing."

"But——"

He smiled at her with sensual and truculent amorousness.

"Much better make it final. Fact is—some of you women have to have your minds made up. I'll do it."

He rose, and she, too, half rose from her chair.

"Bob, please."

"Sit down. We can't mess about like this."

Baskervill crossed the lounge to the office, and Sorrell slipped aside through the office door.

He heard Baskervill ask the girl clerk for a telegram form and a pencil. The message was written. Baskervill's voice was curt.

"I want this sent off at once."

"It will have to go into Winstonbury, sir."

"All right. Send a page in on a bike. At once—you understand?"

"Quite, sir."

Directly Baskervill's back was turned, Sorrell stepped back into the office and picked up the telegram.

"The gentleman seems in a hurry, Miss Page. I'm going into Winstonbury. I'll send it."

He stood by the window of the passage leading to his private room and read Mr. Baskervill's wire.

"John Ransford,
3, Holly Terrace,
Highbury.

"Kitty with me here. Take what action you please.

"Baskervill,
The Pelican Inn,
Winstonbury."

Sorrell folded the form in half and folded it again. He slipped it into his pocket. So that was the situation, and he—as a man—had once been thrust against the thorns of just such a tragedy.

He knew its bitterness and its bathos, the urge of some fatal impulse, passion or pique flying like a moth at a candle. He had put that telegram in his pocket. He would forget to send it, at all events until to-morrow.

Those who worked for Sorrell at the "Pelican" were most of them like old friends. He could confide in them. They understood that half-whimsical look in his eyes when he gave them a delicate hint as to the handling of some particular cat's-cradle.

He would use a particular phrase on such occasions—"Go gently with No. 7." The hotel had to protect itself against uncomfortable entanglements. And in this case he spoke to Mrs. Marks, and Hulks, and Fanny Garland.

His orders to Hulks were both significant and prophetic.

"Bert, tell Chase to have that two-seater well blocked in at the back of the garage."

Hulks smiled.

"Right, sir. I'll see she's blockaded."

Mr. Baskervill dressed for dinner. The lady did not. In fact, she remained in the lounge and still wearing her hat, as though No. 3 was an ogre's den, and she a child

ME BACK—*Re-created by their Famous Authors*

THERE are some favourite characters in fiction who mean as much to us as many a real life friend. Stephen Sorrell is one, and countless admirers throughout the world here have the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with him.

He is the first of a number of old friends of fiction whom JOHN BULL readers will be privileged to meet again in a splendid series of stories specially contributed by famous authors.

"SORRELL appeared in the lounge. He saw Mr. Baskervill's hand loosen its grip and withdraw itself. . . ."

venes

suddenly afraid of being trapped in it.

In the dining-room Fanny Garland—more efficient than any male *maitre d'hôtel*—gave them a table by one of the garden windows.

* * *

Mr. Baskervill ordered champagne. Obviously, both the adventure and the lady needed it if the sacrificial rite was to be consummated.

"Now then, drink some of that. Do you good."

She refused the champagne, though he filled her glass and was heavily and ominously playful.

"A little bit of devil, that's what you want, my dear."

She looked more like weeping over the fish.

"Bob—I want to go home."

"Well—really!" He had every right to be exasperated.

"Don't you realise that I have sent that telegram? We've gone in off the deep end together."

"I asked you to wait."

"Now, for God's sake don't make a scene here. Haven't I done everything that's possible?"

Sorrell was dining in his private room and to him Fanny Garland went and reported. As a woman she was wise as to the attributes of the dominant and over-sexed male.

The gentleman had prepared himself for a festival, and the occasion was presenting him with tears and remorse on a cold plate.

"Well, Fanny?"

"The gentleman ordered champagne. She hasn't touched it."

"I see."

"He's a bully. The kind of man who expects a woman to behave like—well—perhaps you know what I mean?"

"Thanks, Fanny. Yes—I think I know what you mean."

After dinner Mr. Baskervill ordered liqueurs and coffee in the lounge, and lit a cigar and fumed behind it like a heated substance denied the right of self-expression.

His companion refused a liqueur. She sat turning the pages of an illustrated magazine, and when she had exhausted and re-exhausted the pictures, she sought refuge in the letterpress.

She was both agitated and still, and her stillness had the palsy of panic. Sorrell, in and out of the office, kept watch upon the crisis. It was nearing its climax, and if interference was possible he meant to supply it.

People drifted off to bed, and presently the lounge was empty save for these two. The man was growing impatient and restless, though making an obvious effort to humour the occasion. He yawned. He became clumsily playful.

"Now then, Kit, what about it?"

She began turning the pages of that journal.

"It's quite early——."

"Now, look here, come to bed and be—sensible."

She sat rigid.

"I—I—can't."

He leaned forward suddenly and plucked the magazine out of her hands. He smiled a kind of fat, suborning smile.

"You've looked at that damned thing for an hour. Come on, we're in it together, for better or for worse."

He grasped her by the wrist and she resisted.

"No, please——"

Sorrell appeared in the lounge with an air of aloof innocence. He saw Mr. Baskervill's hand loosen its grip and withdraw itself.

Oh, damn the fellow! That was what Mr. Baskervill's blue eyes said, and Sorrell picked up a copy of an evening paper. He smiled at Baskervill over the top of a page.

"Hope you are quite comfortable, sir."

Mr. Baskervill glared a "Who the devil are you?"

"I'm the manager, sir. I like to know that my clients are comfortable."

Mr. Baskervill rose, and moved towards the stairs.

"Quite—thanks."

He turned at the foot of the stairs and looked at the woman.

"Don't be long, my dear. The drive's made me sleepy."

* * *

Now, Stephen Sorrell might be a little unusual, both as a hotel manager and a man, but if he chose to sit down and read the paper in the lounge of the hotel that he managed, who was to gainsay him?

He was so much aware of that pretty, pathetic, frightened little person who had fluttered off upon this adventure and was finding her wings faltering.

What was her trouble? Had she had a row with her husband? Was she the victim of some deplorably dull marriage, and been discovered and hunted by this handsome bully of a male?

Sex was a sort of blindness. In fact, it was so much like a debauch—and the afterwards——. Yes, he knew all about the afterwards——. He had reached an age when a man can reflect calmly upon such a situation, and feel compassionate and kindly amused.

Besides, this little creature was not made for so strenuous and turbulent an affair.

She was not one of those who could shrug their shoulders and strike a bargain with fate when the adventure became a sour and sordid reality. For that was the end of most of these excursions.

* * *

Was she conscious of his interest in her? She was still fluttering the pages of the magazine. She seemed to emit agitated rustlings. Then she rose, threw the magazine on a table and went to one of the lounge windows.

It was shut, and she made as though to open it.

Sorrell jumped up.

"Would you like it open?"

"Please."

"It is rather hot to-night."

"Oh, very."

He saw a full moon shining, and so did she. The soft air flowed in with a scent of honeysuckle. She stood there, breathing in the scent, and he, having withdrawn a little, rustled the pages of his paper.

"By the way, madam, if you care to go into the garden for a little while. Some people do, you know, at night. We leave the door open—till the last thing."

She turned and looked at him for a moment, and then her glance lighted on a table upon which were arranged time-tables, a copy of Bradshaw, and a few guide-books.

She moved towards the table, picked up the Bradshaw, opened it, and then—with a kind of gesture of "Oh, what's the use!"—put it down again.

Suddenly she spoke.

"I suppose it's too late to send a telegram?"

"Telegram? Well—yes. Good heavens, that reminds me——."

He felt in his pocket, and produced a piece of paper. He showed it to her.

"I'm most terribly sorry, madam. My wretched memory! Your—husband—wanted this wire sent off. I was going to give it to the porter—and forgot."

He was aware of her face like still water suddenly animated by a wind.

"You didn't send it?"

"No. I shall have to explain and apologise."

She sank suddenly into a chair. She seemed to be drawing deep breaths.

"Oh, don't do that—please. You see——"

"Shall I give you the form?"

(*Continued on page 24*)

Well Protected... *what about your children?*

CHILDREN need the health-giving nourishment of Quaker Oats to build up their strength and to provide stamina to resist damp, cold weather.

Quaker Oats, milled from the world's finest oats, is *the* finest breakfast for the whole family.

Father appreciates its full-bodied goodness, he feels fresh all the morning after a Quaker breakfast. The children all delight in its delicious flavour. Mother knows—there's nothing so good so cheap—nothing so cheap so good.

Quick Quaker is ready in 3 or 4 minutes . . . less time than it takes to make the morning cup of tea.

Quaker Oats

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*

TWO SIZES 4½d. & 9½d.

per packet—at all Grocers

THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST

MADE IN CANADA

Q75

SORRELL to the Rescue!

(*Continued from page 23*)

He passed it to her. She took it, crumpled it up, and sat with closed eyes.

To Sorrell her crisis seemed to hang on a piece of gossamer. Dare he intervene and draw gently at the thread? He hesitated, and, walking to the window, stood looking at the moon.

"What a wonderful night! It always strikes me as strange that the old moon is—shining here for us and for other people—too."

"The same moon."

"Yes—I suppose—in London. After all—we are only seventy miles or so—from London."

"Did you read that telegram?"

"Yes."

"How dared you?"

"I checked it, madam. A telegram may mean nothing to the manager of an hotel."

She was suffering intense emotion.

"Would it be possible for me—to—get back——"

She faltered, and he fathered the impulse.

"To London? Of course. The trains are awkward, but a car——"

"But I haven't——"

"The hotel has a car. It's at your service."

* * *

And suddenly she broke down. She hid her face in a cushion, and her shoulders quivered. For a moment Sorrell watched her, and then he went close and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"I'll order the car at once, Mrs. Ransford."

She started up.

"How do you know?"

"Forgive me. That telegram. Shall I order the car?"

"Oh, please, yes — at once — before——"

"May I come with you and the chauffeur?"

"You?"

"As a friend."

She looked at him with her dark, childish eyes.

"You are being very kind to me. How much shall I owe for the car?"

He understood that she had very little money with her.

"No need to worry about that. We'll send you in a bill some time later."

She kept glancing at the stairs.

"My suitcase! I shall have to leave it."

"We'll send it on to you. I think you had better wait in my office until the car is ready."

She looked intensely relieved.

"Yes—he might come down. I don't want to see him again."

Sorrell took her to his sitting-room and rang for Hulks, who had been warned to remain on duty. He gave Hulks his orders and an explanation of them.

"Tell Chase to get the car out at once. Yes, I'm going with the lady. I want you to deal with the gentleman, Bert, if he should come down and make trouble."

Chase, the "Pelican" garage man and chauffeur, had the car ready in ten minutes. Sorrell had collected a spare overcoat of his own, and he slipped it over Kitty Ransford's shoulders. He took her down to the garage yard, where the car was waiting for them.

* * *

The red tail-light disappeared, and Hulks lit a cigarette and inhaled the smoke. Great man—Mr. Sorrell! He was closing the glass doors when he became aware of a figure in a bright blue dressing - gown and purple pyjamas.

"Hullo, porter, I'm looking for a lady."

Hulks was bland and politely stupid.

"A lady, sir?"

"Yes. I left the lady downstairs in the lounge."

Hulks looked round the lounge as though he expected to find someone hiding behind a chair.

"Well, she isn't here, sir."

"Damn it, man, I have eyes. Where is she?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir."

"She hasn't gone out, has she?"

Hulks' face became suddenly intelligent.

"Wait a bit, sir. Of course. You're the gentleman who arrived to-day in the Super-Sanderson?"

"I did."

"Oh, well, the lady has left, sir."

"Left!"

"By car."

"My car?"

"Oh, no, sir, the hotel car."

"Where for?"

"I don't know, sir."

Mr. Baskerville swore.

"When did she leave?"

"Oh, about an hour ago, sir. Or—it might be fifty minutes. I'm not quite sure."

Mr. Baskerville fumbled in the pocket of his dressing-gown, but there was no money in that pocket.

"Look here, I want my car at once. Go down and tell the garage man to get it out."

"The garage man has gone with the hotel car, sir."

"Damn it, I want my car. Go and unlock the garage. I'll be down there in ten minutes."

He floundered up the stairs, and Hulks, with a smile on his face, went down to the garage, unlocked the doors, rolled them back and switched on the lights. Yes, Chase had carried out his orders most thoroughly. The Super-Sanderson was blockaded in a far corner behind a Minerva, a Rolls, two Buicks, a Sunbeam and half a dozen small fry. The Super-Sanderson was there for the night.

Mr. Baskerville arrived tumultuously with his very yellow suitcase, an overcoat and two rugs.

"I've left a fiver in the bedroom. Come on, man, haven't you——?"

Hulks was laconic.

"Your car's boxed in."

"Damn! Come on, help me move these blasted cars."

"Sorry, sir, against orders. The garage attendant is responsible for all cars. We're not allowed to interfere with them."

* * *

Mr. Baskerville fumbled and produced a pound note.

"Here. Take this. Get busy."

Hulks put his hands in his pockets.

"Sorry, sir, nothing doing."

Mr. Baskerville had been drinking. He was one of those men who never travel without a bottle of whisky, and three stiff whiskies after champagne and a double liqueur are not good even for the silkiest of souls.

Baskerville in an alcoholic rage was a creature to whom self-restraint was no better than a ragged shirt. He shouted at the porter—

"It's a put-up job. You move those cars."

"Nothing doing, sir."

"You're a lot of damned swine. Here, get out of the way."

For Hulks had rolled the doors to and was locking them. He turned on the bully.

"What did you call me, sir?"

"I called you——"

"You go to—hell—or bed, sir. If you want a rough house—you'll get one. And that's that."

* * *

The full moon appeared to be watching that car hurrying along the London road. The night was quiet, with little traffic, and Chase drove fast.

To begin with, Kitty Ransford sat huddled up in her corner, and Sorrell's silence was like the night, gentle and consoling, and presently his companion came out of her frightened stupor and spoke to him.

"I wonder what the time is?"

"About half-past eleven, I think."

"I'm keeping you up—awfully late."

"Don't worry about me. I have a son in town. I shall ring him up, and he'll give me a shake-down for the night."

She said: "Oh—I've been an awful fool. You wouldn't believe—I hope it's not too late."

"Usually—it takes two fools to make a mess of life and to make it up again. I was a fool once, but the other person wasn't sufficiently foolish. I think we shall be in Highbury soon after half-past twelve."

She shivered slightly.

"He may be waiting up. Supposing—I can't make anyone hear?"

"I think we shall manage that."

The car cruised along Holly Terrace about a quarter to one, and when they reached the last few houses Kitty Ransford sat forward and gazed at the windows.

"Tell him to stop, please."

Sorrell rapped on the glass partition.

"Oh, there's a light in the dining-room. Look."

When Sorrell opened the door for her she slipped out and past him and up the path to the door of No. 3.

It was an early Victorian house, flat and correct, with iron railings and a privet hedge. Sorrell stood by the car. Kitty Ransford had rung the bell, and Sorrell saw the door opened by a man.

"Oh, Jack—I've been such a fool."

Sorrell turned away. He had seen enough to assure him that Jack Ransford was capable of being equally and humanly foolish.

There was the murmur of their voices, intimate and fond like a twittering of birds after a storm.

Well, perhaps their particular storm had passed and they would be the wiser for it.

He heard a flutter of footsteps coming down the path. She ran out to him.

"Oh—I forgot. Your coat. Oh, thank you——"

Her face was a wet radiance, and as he took the coat from her she put up a shy face and kissed him.

Meet Sanger Again

All who delighted in "The Constant Nymph" in story, play or film, must long to meet the irresponsible Bohemian Sanger family again. Tessa, Kate, Paulina, Caryl, Antonia, Susan - and the graceless Sebastian—all reappear with their immortal father and Lewis Dodd in a sparkling tale called "Open Sesame" in our next issue

by MARGARET KENNEDY

IT is exactly nine years since Albert Sanger "happened" to me. For it was in January, 1923, that I lay in bed, recovering from influenza, and found that I was thinking about a story that I wanted to write.

"Suppose," I thought, "there was a great composer—Sanger I would call him—and he should live in the Tyrol in a place where I have always wanted to build a house, and he should have a lot of wives and a lot of children. Of course, they would be called Sanger's Circus—and he should die quite suddenly. And all the relations would come out from England to take the children away. What a book it would be!" The young are wasteful. I killed off Albert Sanger after fifty pages. I knew that he was one of the best characters I should ever create, and yet I tossed him aside like that!

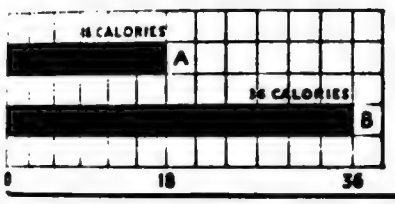
For then I only thought of him as the father of Tessa, the heroine of "The Constant Nymph."

But I have since come to realise his possibilities more fully, and I have bitterly regretted his untimely end.

And now JOHN BULL especially wants a story about "old Sanger." It has been so great a temptation that I have tackled the job with delight.

He isn't HELPING you much!

...but he's using up TWICE as much energy



Energy is chiefly expended in maintaining body *heat and activity*, and in a child the outlay is relatively much higher than in a grown-up. Consequently a child needs food that will give an extra supply of energy. This chart shows that the daily calorie or energy outlay of a child (B) is twice as great as that of an adult (A). (*Based on calorific needs per lb. of body weight.*)

IT'S not *what* he does that exacts so much energy, it is *his way of doing it!* This boy is no exception. Science demonstrates that all young people expend two to three times as much energy as their parents.

For this reason a balanced diet that will quickly replenish used-up energy is of vital importance to fast-growing children.

Doctors everywhere recommend Horlick's Malted Milk as a regular feature of nursery meals. They know that Horlick's contains, in the right proportions, the body-building, energy-giving elements active children must have. Try giving Horlick's to *your* little ones regularly as a meal-time drink, at mid-morning, and before they go to bed.

★ *Chemists and grocers have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes, also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.*

HORLICK'S

Plain or Chocolate Flavoured

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

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AS BRITISH AS JOHN BULL AND TESTED BY JOHN BULL

BONDMAN Empire Blend

IN AIR-TIGHT TINS

10d. PER OZ.

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RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.)

"REMOVED my COUGH before I finished the sample bottle!" *A.A.N. (Epping)*

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"Famel Syrup removed a troublesome cough of mine and quite cleared the bronchial tubes which were beginning to give their usual winter trouble, before I finished the sample bottle."—A.A.N. (Epping).

Soothes cough at once.

"I have found great benefit from Famel Syrup especially with a bad cough. It seems to soothe it at once. My husband also found great relief in taking it, better than anything we have tried before."
C.H. (Stroud).

"Although I have not yet finished the bottle my cough has almost gone, and I shall certainly recommend it to others." E.W. (Tooting).

"I find Famel Syrup is working wonders with my cough, for which I am truly grateful."—G.H. (Manchester).

"I have great pleasure in advising you that Famel Syrup is the only medicine that has ever relieved my cough."
J.V.K. (Southampton).

First winter without bronchitis.

"This is the first winter for many years that I have tided through without being laid up with bronchitis, thanks to Famel Syrup."—E.G. (Bredbury).

"My wife has been a sufferer from bronchitis and asthma for the past twenty years. I can't praise Famel Syrup enough for the good result she has received from it."—W.G. (Cheshire).

"My sister's little girl is just getting over an attack of bronchitis. Famel Syrup has done her a world of good. The doctor himself said he could not give her anything better."—G.D. (Notts).

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I enclose 4d. in stamps. Please send me large sample bottle of FAMEL SYRUP.

Name .....
BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.

Address .....

Paid Touts as Witnesses in—

FAKED POLICE CHARGES

Mrs. Roche successfully exploded the lying evidence against her

THE good name of our national police is in danger of being sullied by practices which are now being widely adopted in certain quarters.

We refer to the employment of touts or spies who, not being members of the police force, are paid to secure evidence to enable charges to be pursued.

It is within our knowledge that this questionable procedure is adopted to the detriment of innocent persons, for as most of the touts are men on the fringe of the underworld, without the responsibilities or obligations of police officers to restrain them, they resort to methods that are monstrously opposed to British justice.

Their appearance in the witness-box, too, as disinterested civilians, while in reality they are the paid agents of the police, is something we cannot tolerate.

The case of a Liverpool woman, who has just been subjected to the ordeal of a trumped-up prosecution, will serve to illustrate the lengths to which these touts will go in their eagerness to secure the police fees.

Sudden arrest

The victim is Mrs. Roche, of 140, Chatham Street, Liverpool.

Without warning, she was suddenly arrested at her home and conveyed by tram to the police-station to be charged with having assisted in conducting a ready-money betting business.

She was released on bail, but eventually came up at Liverpool Police Court, where a Constable Laurie gave evidence that he entered the back door of her home on a certain date and received 1s. 7d. from Mrs. Roche for a bet made the previous day, at the same time handing her another ready-money betting slip.

A witness named McKay also gave evidence and swore that he had made a bet with Mrs. Roche.

On the face of it, it sounded a watertight case.

Doubtful evidence

But Mrs. Roche was able to produce irrefutable evidence that she had actually been absent from home, and that on one of the specific days mentioned so confidently by constable and supporting witness *she was in a motor-coach, travelling from Dumfries in Scotland!*

Of course, this caused the case to collapse instantly, and the charge against Mrs. Roche was dismissed.

She subsequently instituted a suit for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution, and in the witness-box Constable Laurie explained that he had made a bet at the house with a woman whom he "thought" was Mrs. Roche.

But it was not explained how he could be so easily mistaken in the identity of a woman to whom he was supposed to have been talking on the previous day.

The witness McKay was likewise all at sea, for in the police-court he swore that he had made a bet with Mrs. Roche at a time when she was not even in Liverpool.

Vindicated

It is in regard to this witness that the most serious light is thrown upon the menace of paid touts.

Had the case, built upon his evidence, succeeded, an innocent woman might have been convicted.

As it is, Mrs. Roche has cleared her name and secured damages of £100 for false imprisonment from two members of the Liverpool police—a Sergeant Borrows and Constable Laurie.

Her counsel declared that false evidence was "deliberately manufactured," and he characterised the whole story of the betting transactions as "deliberate lies."

The charge of malicious prosecution was not sustained, as the action of the police was explained as being prompted by over-zealousness.

But, now that it is revealed that this despicable system prevails, the public will wonder how many innocent people have been wrongly convicted on the evidence of paid touts.

That many touts are utterly unscrupulous and deliberately intend to mislead has been repeatedly shown by their reluctance to admit in the witness-box that they were paid by the police authorities.

A non-runner

Time and again this admission has had to be dragged from them in relentless cross-examination, after they have dodged and evaded questions by affecting dullness or by pretending that they have only had the "usual witnesses' expenses."

Quite recently one of these touts, giving evidence in another Liverpool betting prosecution, swore in the witness-box that he had backed a particular horse with the accused, and was most emphatic in reciting the fullest details.

He might easily have gained credence but for the fact that he unwittingly named a horse that had met with an accident and which had been unable to run for several weeks!

The accused man in this instance was able to state that the tout had never been in his house, and the charge was, of course, dismissed.

But if the tout had not been so careless in selecting a horse's name to lend colour to his trumped-up story a conviction would almost certainly have been secured.

Remove the blot

Such tactics are repugnant to the British tradition of fair-play and straight dealing.

The greatest weapon the police possess in maintaining law and order is the belief of the average citizen in their fairness, impartiality and strict regard for duty, a belief that is generally well founded.

Any lapse that tends to weaken that belief weakens the power of the police.

It is very disquieting to think that the reputation of the police force as a whole should be brought into question by the action of some of its officers in adopting methods of the unsavoury kind here described.

The scandal is one which should engage the instant attention of the Home Secretary.

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Every week our staffs of trained specialists deal with hundreds of letters.

Readers write to us from every part of the world, seeking our advice, guidance and assistance upon all conceivable subjects.

* * *

But we welcome their letters. We like to think that there is this extra link between us and our vast public.

Financial, Legal, Pension and Income Tax queries are all promptly answered and cases of alleged fraud or injustice are specially investigated.

We can tackle your problem, too, if you write to JOHN BULL about it.

£20,000 FOR SIXPENCE

See page 18

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Don't forget to include this stork in your TOTAL

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1ST PRIZE - £1,000

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4th PRIZE £50 50 PRIZES OF £5

300 Prizes of 10/- 1,000 handsome Consolation Prizes

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1. Mark, in ink, a small cross *on the head* of every Stork you can see in the picture. Write in figures, in the space provided, the total number found.

2. Write *your* name and address, and the name and address of *your retailer from whom you obtained your Stork Margarine* in the space provided above.

3. Return the whole of this picture together with two wrappers taken from ½ lb. packets of Stork Margarine. Users of 'Pheasant," "Lion," "Trumpet" or "J" Fresh Rolls Margarine may also enter by sending two ½ lb. wrappers from any of these brands.

4. All entries to be sent to:
"STORK COMPETITION," 32, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3. (Comp.).

5. You may make as many attempts as you like provided each is accompanied by two wrappers as explained above.

6. The Judges' decision must be accepted as final. No discussion or correspondence will be entered into. No person employed by Jurgens, Ltd., will be allowed to compete.

7. The correct solution has been deposited with Lloyds Bank, and the Competitor giving the correct solution, or the nearest to the correct solution, will be entitled to the First Prize, the remaining Prizes being awarded in order of merit. In the event of two or more Competitors tie-ing for any Prize, that Prize and the next succeeding Prize or Prizes will be divided equally between the Competitors so tie-ing. If the First Prize is not won the total amount offered in prizes will still be given, and these will be dealt with and awarded as the Judges may determine to the Competitors whose entries are nearest to the correct solution.

8. A list of prizewinners will be sent to every retailer of Stork Margarine and an announcement of the results will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Herald" and "Daily Sketch," April 16th, 1932.

STORK MARGARINE

Closing date March 14th

USERS OF "PHEASANT," "LION," "TRUMPET" OR "J" FRESH ROLLS MARGARINE MAY ENTER BY SENDING 2 WRAPPERS TAKEN FROM ½-lb. PACKETS OF ANY OF THESE BRANDS.

Sharp eyes win the prize

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NOTE. *Your Retailer has a further supply of Entry Forms.*

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SAVE MONEY while you smoke!

No need to cut your cigarette allowance if you make your own. You can smoke as many, or more, and yet save money—2/6 a week for average smokers. Cooler smokes, too, if you use none but

AG

THE PAPERS OF PERFECT PURITY

Do You FEAR To-morrow?

LET me ask you a question. If you were the possessor of Aladdin's lamp and could ask of the genii one great gift, what would be your choice?

Most folk would ask for money, or health, or success. Three months ago I might have been tempted to ask for one of them. But now I think my request would be on different lines. My changed outlook has come from my work as "Humanist."

Every day I receive dozens of letters from readers of this paper. Some people write to tell me of crimes they have committed — embezzlement and the like—and who are afraid of the consequences. Others propound some complicated human problem in their search for advice to solve it.

You can feel the heart-throb in many of these documents. But what has impressed me the most are the everyday worries of ordinary men and women.

Sinister Phantom

A stewardess on a boat tells me that she suffers from nightmares for days before she sails because she has a constant fear of shipwreck.

Another correspondent has bought his house through a building society, and, now unemployed, he is unable to keep up his monthly payment.

And so it goes on.

In almost every case these problems have their root in acute mental fear. They are terrified of that sinister phantom — the what-might-happen. And because they live in a state of perpetual funk, their lives and the happiness of other people are jeopardised.

Therefore, I know that there are thousands who would join me in asking from Aladdin's genii to be kept free from the scare and snare of life's intolerable worries.

Here are two letters which reached me by the same post. The first is from a woman who a year ago was left a widow with four young children, the eldest a boy of nine and the youngest a baby girl not yet two. My correspondent goes on:

"Ever since I was married I have had a hard life, in consequence of which my health has suffered, and I am not able to do the work I should like. My husband left me practically penniless, but with the widow's pension and the money I have been able to earn, I have been able to keep my little home.

"But I have one great dread. If I should be taken, what would happen to my children? Is there a club or an insurance company into which I could pay a little so that they would not be left destitute?"

Halting Lover

And here is the second letter. I will give it just as it was received:

"I am a clerk in a boot factory earning three pounds a week. So far as anything can be sure in these days of trade depression my position is fairly certain, as I have been in the same employment since I was a lad of fourteen.

"For the last two years I have been engaged, but I have hesitated to take the plunge into matrimony, not because I do not love my girl—I am sure we should be very happy together—but I am afraid that if I lost my job we should not be able to keep our heads above water.

"My fiancée comes from a good home and is herself in good employment, but if we were married she would give up both these, and if I were unemployed the burden would fall heavily upon her. Her parents keep a small business, but I am of an independent nature and could never sponge on them. If only I could be rid of this fear I would get married next month."

Now let us examine these letters a little closer. That widow mother is afraid of dying and leaving behind her four orphan bairns. She seeks an insurance against her children's poverty.

Does she realise that the best safeguard lies in herself?

She confesses that she is by no means strong, yet in allowing that dread to overshadow her, she is cashing a cheque on the bank of her already limited health. Doctors tell us that mental fear lets loose actual poisons, which in turn breed disease. So that it is a medical fact and not a fancy when it is asserted that "worry kills."

* * *

Now take my second correspondent. That young man is afraid to get married for fear he might become unemployed. As a result he is probably wasting some of the best years of his life. "Safety first" is no motto for a young and healthy man. "Live dangerously" is a far better creed.

It seems to me that in his position the risk of "plunging into matrimony" is well worth taking. Why worry about something that may never happen? There are plenty of real troubles in the world without manufacturing imaginary ones.

Say "I will"

But it is easy to say "Don't worry"—it is one of the hardest things to perform. I know; but it is the only policy that pays.

Does it help you to settle your debts by worrying about them? Does it help you to keep your position in life if you live in continual fear of losing it?

Does dread of disease help you to find health? Does fear of death keep it away? Does panicking about your children's future get them into the right work?

The very reverse is the case. All the worry in the world cannot solve life's problems. Many a man has panicked himself into his grave. And what is the use of his job then!

£ s. d. seems to be the cause of most troubles. This is what one reader says: "If only I had plenty of money I should worry about nothing."

I am not so sure. Freedom from worry is an attitude of the mind. It depends on the individual, not on the banking account.

I know paupers who haven't a care in the world. Conversely, I know people who are swamped with riches and whose lives are a continual misery.

One man, reputed to be a millionaire, spends his days studying the financial papers. If his shares go down by a fraction his entire household knows about it. It is true that money has its compensations, but in the scale of real values its position is negligible.

So I would say to my readers, get rid of your worries. That is not a pious platitude, but sound common-sense.

How can you do it? By cultivating a happy outlook upon life. To fix the mind on brighter conditions is to draw brighter conditions to you. Thoughts, whether they be gloomy or gladsome, are not like balloons floating in the air, they are real things. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

The remedy for worry lies not in drugs or in doctors, but in yourself. The greatest gift a man possesses is his power to say "I will."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS:

discussed by

Philip Inman

"A changed outlook has come with my work as 'Humanist,'" says Mr. Inman

RADIO PARIS NIGHTS!

ON Sunday night, January 31, at 10.30 p.m., the JOHN BULL concert from Radio Paris will delight music enthusiasts all over the country. As soon as the announcer tells the world that JOHN BULL is on the air, all ears will be alert for another of the grand weekly gramophone concerts which have established themselves as the "bright spot" of Sunday broadcasts.

* * *

During the concert there is a simple contest in which a "must be won" prize of £100 is offered for placing eight of the ten records played in the best entertainment order. In addition there is a prize of £25 for runners-up.

If you want real entertainment on Sunday night, with an opportunity of securing a big cheque, make a family gathering of it—get around the set in good time, and all try to carry off the big prize.

* * *

LET "Humanist" help you! There is no greater student of human psychology writing to-day, and he will be glad to give advice on your problems. Write to him about them, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

When your dog SCRATCHES

—time for a Bob Martin

THE annoyance which you feel when your dog scratches himself cannot compare with the discomfort which your dog suffers. Scratching is the only relief the dog can get from the unbearable itching sensation under the skin, which afflicts him when his blood is impure.

There is only one way to stop him scratching, and that is to condition him with the blood corrective, Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Many dogs are in poor condition now, either because of lost exercise during spells of bad weather when their owners have had to stay indoors, or through an excess of too rich food. Impurities have crept into the blood, causing excessive scratching, and ruining the "bloom" of health on their coats. This loss of condition should instantly be checked.

Your dog will stop scratching as soon as you condition him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, curing *and preventing* all blood ailments such as *Loss of Appetite, Listlessness, Loose Coat, Excessive Scratching, Eczema and Swellings between the Toes.*

Give your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now*. In a few days you will be amazed at the *difference* which *condition* makes to him, and in a week or so his coat will begin to take on the lovely "bloom" which is the surest sign of perfect health.

There are 9 (*nine*) *powders in the sixpenny packets and* 18 *in the shilling boxes—from all dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. Made (since* 1892) *by Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport, England.*

BOB MARTIN'S *TASTELESS* **CONDITION POWDERS**

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Sanatorium patient's letter.

"I was a bed patient for just on 18 months in a Sanatorium. I used to cough all day and through the nights too, hardly getting any sleep. I am delighted with 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup because the first dose relieved my cough immensely. When I prepared to lay down for the night, I took another half teaspoonful and in about an hours' time I was fast asleep and I did not wake until 6 a.m. next morning. *That was the first sleep of any length I'd had for six months.*"

(signed) Mr. A. S. Clark, Haxby, York.

When you are racked day and night by a cough which is wearing down your strength—just try a few doses of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. In it are combined the soothing, healing and germ-killing properties of squills, tolu, honey and pine. Thus it clears the bronchial tubes, stops the cough, soothes the cough-torn tissues and frees the breathing before other remedies have begun to act. Get a 1/6 bottle of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup from your chemist to day and prove this instant, soothing action for yourself.

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FOR the last 18 months all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

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But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

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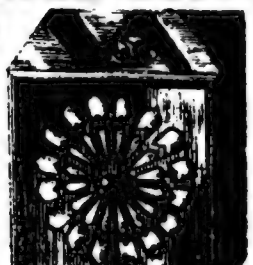

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"How could I resist the appeal of these joyous little folk?" Sir Benjamin and a few of his host of small friends

THE JOY I FIND in Children

by

SIR BENJAMIN DRAGE

(Founder of the famous firm and a new knight)

THERE is no kingdom on earth enjoying happiness and contentment so sweet and sublime as the freedom of childhood. It is unsoiled and uncontaminated by contact with so much that is cruel and callous in the lives of grown-ups.

Childhood, therefore, is to me the nearest approach to heaven that I can imagine.

I was but a child when, at the age of fourteen, I started my working life in earnest as a shop-assistant. I was lucky in one thing—I had the best of parents.

My life ever since has been one of continual hard work, and I am certain I was never happier than when I was striving my utmost.

It is a fact that I never visited a theatre or other place of amusement until I was twenty-six. My earlier years were entirely taken up with the struggle for existence and a determined fight for success.

Through a child's eyes

To-day I find supreme joy in the society of children. They take me into another sphere; the eyes of innocence are shut to all that is unkind and brutal in the world around.

In the clear eyes of a child I see reflected many lovely things—the love of parents, the blue sky, the song of the birds, and the beginning of a universal love that, perhaps, when more of us have regained the simple faith of childhood, will extend throughout the world.

I think, too, that another reason why children make such an appeal to me is because I have always had intense sympathy for the "under dog" in any walk of life, and there is nothing more human and pathetic than the spectacle of unhappy childhood such as I have seen in the crowded slums of our great cities.

I have an intimate knowledge of the often drab and miserable lives of these little boys and girls, and I am glad if in a small way I can do a little to direct the penetrating warmth of bright sunshine into their dreary existence.

My cherished keepsakes

Children, girls or boys, fat or thin, rosy or pale, dimpled or undimpled, blue-eyed or brown, are the glory of our race and the joy of mankind. How could I, even if I wished, resist the appeal of these joyous little folk?

My own children are everything to me. Morning and night they come clustering around me.

Every little scrap of paper that has in any way marked the development of their mentality I have kept; every school report right away from the kindergarten stage has been carefully filed. And in that respect I am sure I do not differ from countless other "daddies."

The society of children helps us to retain our own youthful outlook upon life. Their friendship is often of more real value to us than that of grown-ups.

What can restore calm to a worried mind better than the love and faith of children. It is their helplessness, their dependence, their firm belief in our capabilities that spurs us on.

It seems to me, too, that a close and affectionate association with childhood strengthens our belief in the eternal Spring of human life. "The King is dead, Long live the King."

When we reach the autumn of our lives, looking around we see lusty youth ready to grasp the baton as it falls from our faltering grasp. That should make us feel glad, rather than sad, for it reminds us that there will be someone to carry on our work.

Sweet, innocent childhood! Stern and hard-hearted must be the man who is so unconscious of the finer susceptibilities that he cannot love it.

We have in the business which I controlled and in which I held a prominent position an album, almost as large as my desk, containing thousands of photographs of babies, sons and daughters, of friends and customers of the firm.

It indicates the extent to which even a commercial enterprise can successfully join in its pursuits with the joy and love of children and home; though this should cause no surprise, for the happy home is the basis of all success, even in business.

Fond parents would write and tell me all about their little ones, and I would reply, asking for a photograph of the newcomer. That is how the "Drage" Baby Book began.

I like to look at this wonderful album now, containing the portraits of those whom I love to term *my* boys and *my* girls, though they are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain!

I often notice that the most lovable and charming people are those who have retained something of the simple-mindedness of children—for instance, my old friend, George Lansbury. He is too good for these days. He is living a hundred years before his time.

One of the most delightful scenes I have ever witnessed was at a children's party we both visited.

The little people climbed all over Mr. Lansbury, and then he took one of them on his knee and fed himself and the child from its wee plate. The charm of the thing was its absolute naturalness; despite his years he was a child himself.

There are lessons we can learn from children. Jealousy, envy, and cupidity are not recognised among them, nor are the frontiers of nationality, race, or faith.

It is difficult to put into words my reasons for finding so much joy in the society of children. To be in their company is to be in touch with all that is simple and clean.

That wonderful land

Their little world is a joyous, carefree commonwealth, a sanctuary of contentment and happiness, where there is neither privilege nor prerogative, pride, pomp nor ceremony, where—except very occasionally, when a tear, that seems to me a fairy dewdrop, is shed—all is peace and perfect joy.

Even the most grubby little youngster, sticky with bread and jam, fascinates me.

Yes, I want to preserve for myself always this love for the little people, for I feel that without it I should miss the most sincere joy in life.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Ronnie's Lost Father

TRAGEDY has come into little Ronnie's life before he has reached the age of two.

One Sunday his father went off in his usual high spirits for a day's fishing at Cheshunt.

He never came home again.

After a fortnight's terrible suspense, his wife heard that his body had been recovered from the river. A thick fog enveloped the Cheshunt district on that Sunday evening, and he must have lost his footing on the towpath and fell into the water.

"If it was not for my baby I do not think I could have stood it," said his young wife.

She is left destitute awaiting her widow's pension. Her husband's earnings averaged 50s. a week.

"We had our good and bad times," she explained, "but we were always happy together, and he was ever so fond of the child. He was going in for a fishing competition, hoping for a prize so that he could buy Ronnie something."

Ronnie's mother is worried because she is being pressed to pay an instalment of £4 still owing on her furniture, and there is the weekly rent of 9s. 6d. "I want to keep up my home," she said, "for the baby's benefit."

So we plead for this mother and child, trusting that our readers will come to their rescue.

Donations earmarked for Ronnie, or sent to the fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given acknowledgments will be sent by post. We thank "Caledonian" for a donation of 10s.

563 Cash Prizes for 'DIPLOMA' LIMERICKS

£50 FIRST PRIZE

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £5
3rd PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
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A soulful-eyed damsel of Leigh
Thought a Talkie Star she'd like to be:
When they tried out her voice
They had simply no choice

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding.

CLOSING DATE:
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, February 12, 1932.**

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A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

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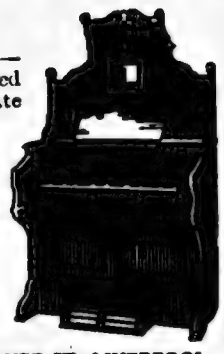

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COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, MEASLES, and other complaints which are so prevalent at this time of the year, tax the strength and vitality of children to such a degree that it becomes necessary to assist nature in recovering health.

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The results obtained from Roboleine are described by mothers and doctors as marvellous. Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh formed, and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored.

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ROBOLEINE, Hawthorn Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing.
Name .....
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J.B.10.

Miracle of a MILLION CURES

by LORD LUKE
Chairman of the British Charities Association

If hospitals were business houses, many of them up and down the country would bear on their closed gates the sign "In Liquidation," and yet they carry on effectively, hiding their poverty from their patients.

THE other day a friend of mine observed with due profundity, as if uttering something very new, that "You can't do anything without money nowadays."

It has been said so many hundreds of times, particularly of late, that it is commonly accepted as true. If, therefore, I had replied at all, it would have been to express agreement.

But a minute later, I was wondering. My mind had turned in the meantime to a certain hospital that is carrying on despite a heartbreaking overdraft—one of the many hospitals that are rich in everything except money.

I thought of a typical visiting day there, when visitors who see nothing of that overdraft, nothing of the endless struggling behind the scenes to make both ends meet, nothing of the self-sacrifice of the doctors and nurses, press forward with their hyacinths.

The hidden struggle

They see the warm and spotless wards and fairy-down beds; nurses moving about noiselessly with choice fruit and invalid dishes; not the fabulously costly radium, of course, but maybe, if the circumstances justify it, a glimpse of the X-ray, or sun-ray, or electrical bath, or other expensive apparatus, or the devices that make crooked mites straight, or snatch people back from the very jaws of death. But of the effort to get them—nothing.

Everything that money can buy for the purpose of alleviating human suffering or curing human ills is there—just as if money is no object.

Maybe my friend who said you can't do anything without money nowadays was right, as in fact many hospitals will not be able to carry on without more of it.

They have seemed to be performing the modern miracle of doing so—the miracle of the empty purse and a million cures.

They have appeared to have found it possible to carry on under circumstances that would have driven any business firm into the hands of the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy.

Whatever the cost, these kiddies had to be made well again. (Perhaps that little one is pointing to page 18!)

Yet all the time many of them have been nearly bankrupt, and the Official Receiver in their case has seen the courage and unstinting self-sacrifice of their staffs.

We read a lot and hear a lot about the "plight of the hospitals." I don't like the phrase because it suggests that the hospitals are no longer able to function properly, which is not true.

It will become the right phrase only when the staffs are unable by further sacrifice and scheming to keep their wards going just as if that money problem did not exist. That day, unfortunately, may not be far distant.

I would like to illustrate why "plight of the hospitals" is wrong.

Tragedy of £31

I read in a newspaper recently a bare, colourless report, which, despite its almost cruel brevity, told one of the most moving stories I have ever read. It concerned certain proceedings before the Newcastle Bench.

It said that "a warrant against Newburn Cottage Hospital for rate arrears of £31 was issued by the Newcastle magistrates. The surgeon, it was stated, had worked for two years without payment.

"The warrant was suspended on promise of monthly payments."

Thirty-one pounds! That report made me see at its true value every humble penny that went to make up the £225,000 which the British Charities Association, of which I am proud to be chairman, has been instrumental in getting for our hospitals.

Thirty-one pounds! Yet it was not the "plight of the hospital." The treasurer, the secretary, the surgeon, or whatever harassed official undertook to see that the monthly payments were kept up, did not allow it to become that. One knows that its work of healing goes on. It always does.

There are other instances of such self-sacrifice in plenty. I read that the nurses at one London hospital collected £40 for their own little Christmas jollities, and then—handed it over to the appeal secretary.

I think the time has come when those who run many of the hospitals cannot make another ounce of sacrifice without taking away from you and yours, and everybody else, that sense of security one gets from the knowledge that there is such a service watching over us.

Wherever we are, there is some hospital or other anxious to make us well should the worst befall us.

An aeroplane pilot crashes in the middle of Dartmoor. No matter his nationality. A child dashes into the road. Doesn't matter who's to blame. A breadwinner is taken desperately ill in the street. A holiday-maker slips on a Scottish hillside, three hundred miles from his own home.

Our need is desperate

Wherever you are, whatever you are, there awaits your mischance a hospital where there are kind hearts, skilful hands, a determination to get you back to health and strength first and think of the cost afterwards.

They may be short of money; they may even be bankrupt. But they have got the will that says, Hold on.

You have got to help them, too, however. They can't hold on much longer without your aid.

It will be a pleasure to you, in any case. But my association, the British Charities Association, with the co-operation of the *Daily Herald*, has devised a way in which you can do so to your own certain entertainment—and maybe to your own profit.

At the most you will profit by £20,000. At the very least you will be poorer by the sixpence you contribute to this great work—and you will find joy in that.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Kempton's Tit-Bits

NEWBURY'S opening stage commenced a brighter 'chasing campaign, and, judging by the programmes, the movement should have strong support at Kempton.

Incidentally, Parson's Well (10 to 1) did the Code followers a good turn at the Berkshire meeting.

The feature at Kempton is the Cranford 'Chase. The hard-pulling Kingsford and the speedy Gib may oppose the Grand National horses Gregalach and Kakushin.

Gregalach's penalty will, I think, put him out of it, and Gib, whom I choose, will probably prove too fast for the other two.

This season's and last season's champion hurdlers, Song of Essex and Insurance, can again meet in the Kempton Hurdle. Insurance swerved away his chance when they finished first and second in December, and now gets the vote.

£5,000 Reward!

WANTED AT ONCE—a few well-chosen words on one of the "Bullets" coupons from page 43. Payments totalling £5,000 await the sender of best effort. Half an hour's work this evening and all your troubles may be wiped away by a telegram on Friday, February 26. Go in and win!

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 28, to Wednesday, February 3.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q
C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95V9894MI would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

98M2URIV would read ALL OVER.

"SILVER RING."

To keep him aglow
When there isn't a blaze
The Fireman sucks Zubes
These wintry days.

The Fireman has a 'warm spot' for Zubes. They keep him glowing on night-duty. Help to protect his throat and chest from cold and fog.

ZUBES

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Capsicum, Friar's Balsam, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Squills and Honey.

2½d per oz. Except in Irish Free State.

F. W. Hampshire & Co. Ltd., Derby.

A Point worth considering

Make Galloway's your first thought the first time you cough or sneeze. For bringing speedy relief in all cases and to all ages, this old London remedy is without match.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

J. J. Hall, the famous racing Motorist, writes: "I was troubled by an extremely unpleasant and hacking cough which caused me considerable uneasiness. In my efforts to get rid of this trouble I gave your 'GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP' a test, the results of which were extraordinary and instantaneous, completely ridding me of the cough in under a week—a cough, mark you, which I had had for some 15 months."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17. Price 1/9 and 3/3 post free.

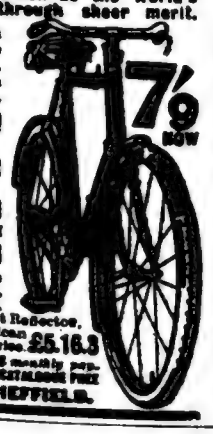
SUPREME VALUE

THE GRAVES 'SPEED KING' THREE-SPEED CYCLE has attained its proud position as the World's Foremost Cycle value through sheer merit.

It is the greatest triumph of Quality and Value ever produced in the trade, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Cycle.

DUNLOP MAGNUM BALLOON TYRES, WIRED EDGE.
STURMEY-ARCHER FAMOUS THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM CORDAL SPRUNG WATERPROOF SADDLE
HANS RENOLD CHAIN

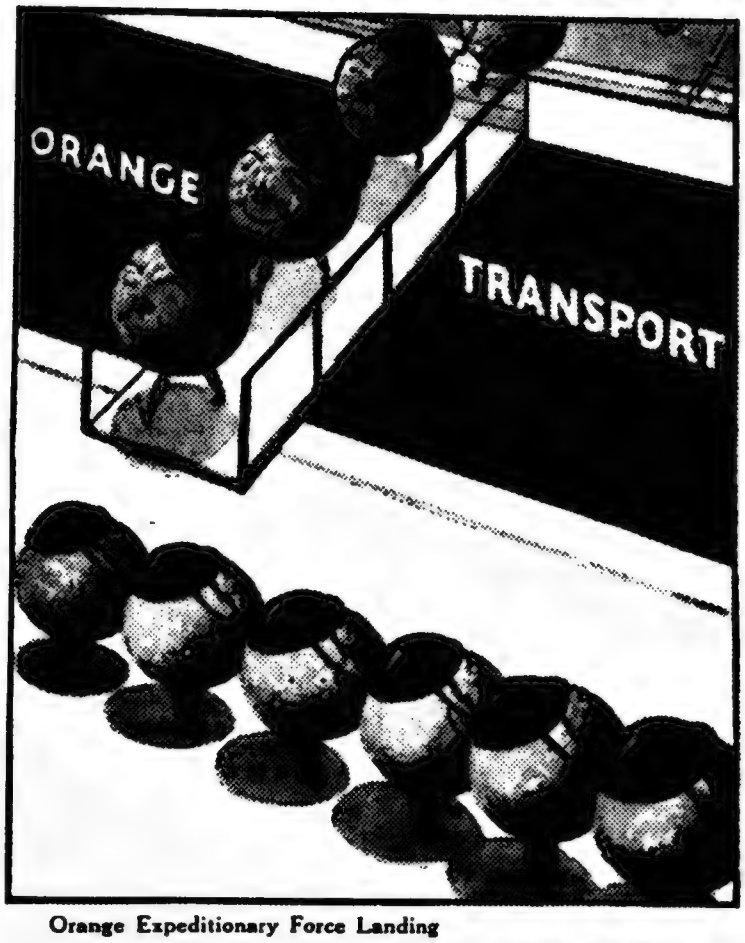
Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Model, same price. £5.16.3



Terms: Send 7/9 now, and 14 monthly payments of 7/9. Packed Approval. ESTABLISHED FIFTY YEARS.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

WAR DECLARED ON INFLUENZA



Orange Expeditionary Force Landing
(1st Batt. Sunshine Regiment).

Special Health Correspondent
ENGLAND, To-day.

Ships are arriving every day laden with bright, health-bringing ORANGES, armed with Vitamins, Fresh Juiciness and Sunshine Ripeness. The attack on 'FLU is being waged on every side by Allied troops of Medical Authorities, Wise Parents and Sensible Citizens. Join the Orange Emergency Brigade to-day, and win through the 'FLU.

ORANGES

Your "Kids" and Country need them

EAT MORE FRUIT AND KEEP FIT

£1,100 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 148.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the 1,000 Guineas offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £210 will be despatched:—

Mrs. S. ASH, 3, Glensford Cotts., Upper Harbledown, Canterbury, Kent.
J. BYE, 66, Chesilton Road, Fulham, S.W.6.
J. GOTHARD, Berrycroze, Impington, Cambs.
J. JOHNSON, Sunset, The Grove, Holland-on-Sea, Essex.
R. WALKER, 64, Hackenate Street, Derby.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 9, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 68 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive 14s. 6d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another Splendid Word with a first Prize of a Pension for Life of £5 a Week and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on Page 60. Try Your Skill Now!

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

"Why do sailors drink Rowntree's Cocoa?"

"To keep themselves warm an' fit an' strong, of course. That's why I drink a great big cup of Rowntree's Cocoa at breakfast, and another great big cup at supper.

"Course I *like* it! It's got a taste that's as good as chocolate.

"When I'm a big strong man, I'm going to be a sailor—and I'll still drink Rowntree's Cocoa."

DOCTORS and DIETITIANS SAY—

that Rowntree's Cocoa is a splendid addition to the diet of growing children. It has great fuel value and contains important nourishing food elements.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

BRITISH MADE—BRITISH OWNED

3 Free Gift Coupons in every ¼-lb. tin

CO409-36

Dublin Woman Avoids "Dosing" for Head-Colds.

Mrs. Morley, 19, Duke Street, Grafton Street, Dublin, says: "My husband felt a cold in the head developing and I persuaded him to give Vick brand Vapour-Rub a trial. He followed your instructions by melting some in boiling water and inhaling the vapours; also inserting a little in each nostril. I am glad to say all traces of the cold had disappeared by the next morning."

Modern external treatment for all kinds of Colds.

Being used externally for colds, "Vick" does not upset the stomach, as too much "dosing" often does. If rubbed on the chest at bedtime, it will act in two ways during the night: (1) through the skin, like a poultice, (2) by its vapours.

Regular size now only 2s.; half size 1s. 3d. at all chemists.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Best for Children's Colds

A COMPLETE SERVICE THE

'BIG TWO' ALL-IN POLICY

Every class of Bet catered for

RACING

You want to bet—Ante-Post, Starting Price, Totalisator Odds, Tote Daily Double, Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts—Win—Place, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, etc. We offer the most complete, generous and up-to-date Service.

FOOTBALL

You want to indulge in the fascinating hobby of Spotting the Winners. We offer the most comprehensive service, including Fixed Price Lists and Long Odds Totalisator. Fourteen Lists to choose from. Nothing Barred—Nothing Starred.

We offer a thoroughly Efficient and Complete Service for every class of bet, backed by a reputation for payment of

WINNINGS BY RETURN

to agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C2.

STAMPING OUT *the* Letter Thief

"British postal workers are as honest as any in the world"

THE public has been disturbed by the recent succession of mail-bag and similar robberies. Delay in notifying the police has been alleged in some of these cases, while a judge's remarks recently suggested that dishonesty was prevalent in this great State service.

What is the truth? JOHN BULL intends to lift the veil of secrecy that has been always rigidly preserved.

British postal workers are as honest as any in the world, although we have a large dossier of complaints regarding low payment and conditions of service.

The Post Office has its own detective system, which is directly responsible to the Secretary of the Post Office. Its headquarters are in the G.P.O., London, and its chief officers are three Civil Service Investigators who have had wide experience of postal work.

There are many ingenious methods of tracking postal thieves.

Suppose, for instance, an employee is suspected of stealing a letter containing a Treasury note. If he has been under suspicion before a trap is laid.

An investigator pierces a Treasury note with a needle bearing on its tip his initials in microscopic letters. He rubs the note on a piece of glass to close the puncture, records its number, and encloses it in a letter.

The letter is posted to fulfil the requirements of the law, but is sent specially to the sorting-office where the suspect is employed.

If the letter is not delivered he is interrogated, and, maybe, a warrant obtained to search his home.

A suspected sorter will probably be watched from one of the secret spy-holes hidden in many large sorting-offices—a spyhole disguised, most likely, as a ventilator.

Such petty thefts, of course, can be dealt with entirely by the Post Office organisation. But more serious crimes generally entail the co-operation of the police.

Clever investigation work figured in one recent case where a postman had disappeared with a number of postal packages of great value.

THERE seemed to be no clues, but Post Office investigators, in collaboration with Scotland Yard detectives, made painstaking enquiries until they found a taxi-driver who identified a photograph of the missing postman as being one of his recent fares.

But he had driven the man to no specific destination. The taxi had been paid off in the middle of a busy street, and there the trail ended.

Nothing helpful in this, you might think, but the patient investigators held other views.

They asked the taxi-driver to take them to the approximate spot where he thought the fare had alighted, and they made this point the centre of renewed enquiries.

Here the co-operation of Scotland Yard came in useful, for records relating to crooks known to be staying in this vicinity were carefully considered.

This led to the interrogation of a man known to have specialised in postal thefts in the past.

He had actually aided the defaulting postman in this instance and had put him up for the night after the robbery.

A series of thefts of mail-bags from passenger trains, which baffled the authorities for some time, was finally ended by the discovery that a woman was constantly travelling on various lines with a fine Alsatian dog.

Observation showed that the dog and the woman were playing active parts in the robberies.

The thefts were carried out by male accomplices, who relied upon the woman to create a diversion.

THE dog was trained to grow suddenly restive at a whispered word from the woman. It would bare its teeth, snarl viciously and tug desperately at its leash, while the woman feigned distress and begged some fellow-passenger to call the guard.

In the commotion, accomplices would carry out their theft. At the next station the woman would again have "trouble" with her dog and decide to alight there.

One accomplice would be on hand in the corridor, and in politely opening the door for her and assisting her to get her dog off the train he would slip stolen registered letters into her hand.

The authorities gambled—and won—in one baffling case in which a postman had disappeared with large sums of money entrusted to him.

Enquiries were made to find out who his most intimate associates had been; a letter addressed to one in the missing man's handwriting was intercepted, and it was discovered that the thief was carrying on a successful shop in a seaside town.

Although the Post Office and the police co-operate so successfully, no police officer can question a Post Office employee, nor is the employee allowed to give information without the written consent of the Post Office.

It will be seen that the system has its disadvantages.

WHEN a mail-bag theft occurs, much valuable time may be lost while it is being decided whether the affair calls for the attention of the police.

Such delay is caused, not by the Investigation Branch, but most likely by some official verifying the fact that the bag has not merely been mislaid.

But the delay of a few hours often means the difference between success and failure.

It is a fact, too, that there is often a lack of proper safeguards in the handling of mails. It is not in the least difficult, at many big railway-stations in London and certain provincial towns, for a thief wearing a blue jacket and a leather apron to pick up a bag, and carry it to a waiting car.

This slackness can and should be stopped. The police should be informed immediately of any serious disappearance of mails.

If these simple measures are taken, we may continue to be proud of the safety of our postal system.

OUR EXPERT FORECASTS—

Football Matches played on January 30.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Bolton.
(2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Birmingham.
(3) ARSENAL v. Manchester C.
*(4) ASTON VILLA v. Chelsea.
(5) BLACKBURN v. W.B. Albion.
(6) Blackpool v. SUNDERLAND.
**(7) EVERTON v. Liverpool.
(8) Huddersfield v. Wednesday.
(9) LEICESTER v. Grimsby.
(10) NEWCASTLE v. West Ham.
(11) PORTSMOUTH v. Derby.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) NOTTS COUNTY v. Swansea.
(2) Bristol C. v. Bradford C.
(3) Plymouth v. Leeds
(4) BARNSLEY v. Hotspur.
**(5) BRADFORD v. Chesterfield.
(6) BURY v. Port Vale.
(7) CHARLTON v. Preston.
(8) Manchester U. v. NOTTS FOREST.
(9) OLDHAM v. Millwall.
(10) STOKE v. Southampton.
*(11) WOLVES v. Burnley.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) MANSFIELD v. Bristol R.
(2) Thames v. Luton.
*(3) BRENTFORD v. Gillingham.
(4) BRIGHTON v. Torquay.
*(5) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Boscombe.
*(6) EXETER v. Coventry.
*(7) FULHAM v. Cardiff.
**(8) NORWICH v. Orient.
(9) READING v. Swindon.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Northampton.
(11) WATFORD v. Q.P. Rangers.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) Hull v. GATESHEAD.
(2) HARTLEPOOLS v. Halifax.
**(3) BARROW v. Rotherham.
**(4) CHESTER v. Walsall.
(5) DONCASTER v. Carlisle.
(6) Rochdale v. CREWE.
(7) SOUTHPORT v. Wrexham.
(8) TRANMERE v. Stockport.
(9) YORK v. Accrington.

SCOTTISH CUP.—Second Round.

(1) AIRDRIE v. King's Park.
(2) KILMARNOCK v. Albion.
(3) Bo'ness v. PARTICK.
(4) Dunfermline v. DUNDEE.
*(5) HAMILTON v. Armadale.
(6) Queen's Park v. MOTHERWELL.
(7) EDINBURGH v. St. Bernard's.
(8) Raith Rovers v. RANGERS.
(9) St. Johnstone v. CELTIC.
(10) QUEEN OF THE SOUTH v. Dundee U.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Ayr United v. MOTHERWELL.
(2) THIRD LANARK v. Falkirk.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—7(*H*); Div. II.—5(*H*); Southern Section 8(*H*); Scottish Cup—5(*H*) would indicate Everton, Bradford, Norwich and Hamilton.

TWO COMPETITORS SHARE £500 PRIZE IN "JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST No. 2

No complete entries received in this contest contained the key numbers of the eight Records in the order of entertainment value decided by the expert committee, i.e.—

7 2 1 10 3 5 4 6

The sole first and two competitors proceeded further down this list in agreement with the experts' order, placing the first five Records correctly.

Accordingly the £500 prize will be shared between:—

Mrs. BLUNDELL, 221, Queen's Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool

And

Mr. H. T. THORNTON, 21, Hereson Road, Ramsgate.

JOHN BULL'S £500 Radio Contest No. 3

Below are given the key numbers of the eight Gramophone records in order of entertainment value as decided by the committee of Experts, from the ten played in "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 3 broadcast on January 17th:—

10 6 3 5 2 1 4 9

The name of the prize-winner of this contest will be announced in next week's issue of "John Bull." Another great "John Bull" contest will be broadcast from Radio Paris next Sunday evening at 10.30. Be sure to listen in—it may be worth a huge cash prize to you. Full particulars on Page 36.

A BEDTIME PRECAUTION IN WINTRY WEATHER.

Most winter ailments have their beginnings in colds. On winter nights it is a wise precaution to add one or two teaspoonsful of KOMPO with plenty of sugar to a glass of hot water, milk or tea and drink whilst still hot just before going to bed.

KOMPO is the best known remedy for colds, chills, cold feet and other cold weather ailments. Taken in hot water, milk or tea it is very palatable.

Get a bottle to-day from your Chemist or Stores and be ready for whatever winter has in store.

1/3 per bottle. Family size, 3/-. (3/- size contains three 1/3 size).

KOMPO FOR COLDS.

J. F. White & Co., Chemists, Leeds.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(482C), 88, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482C), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

Please write plainly .....

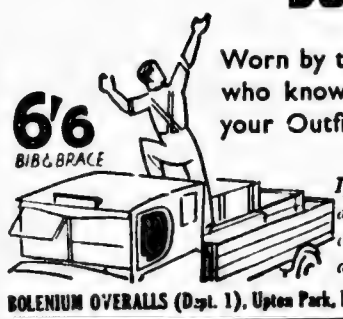
Cadburys heavyweight 2D milk bar

Greater effort is now required to lift this famous bar. It's heavier. More chocolate in it, and a more generous half-cupful of milk. Chocolate of the true "Cadbury quality," and full-cream milk delivered fresh from BRITISH farms. That's the stuff this heavyweight bar is made of, and that's the stuff to bring up budding champions on! The finest food-sweet and the best twopennyworth in the shops! And goodness, what a flavour!

NOW HEAVIER - *Quality unchanged*

'HI-JOE!'
That's the worst of that lad, he will keep showing off his Bolenium Overalls just because

BOLENIUMS NEVER LET YOU DOWN



6'6 BIB & BRACE

Worn by the man who knows. Ask your Outfitter.

If you have any difficulty write direct to:—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13

ACIDITY CAUSES 90% DIGESTIVE TROUBLE

While many things, directly or indirectly, may cause stomach trouble, any medical man will tell you that over nine-tenths of all cases of indigestion are due to or accompanied by acidity and food fermentation. Excess acid accumulates in the stomach and turns the food into a souring, fermenting mass which produces painful gases and still more acid, and is usually directly responsible for indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, acidity, flatulence, and gastritis. To rid yourself of this harmful acid quickly, safely, and surely, you should take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This not only gives quick relief by instantly neutralising stomach acid, but soothes and heals your acid-inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which costs but 1s. 3d., is prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals because it is a genuine indigestion specific.

HOW TO PREVENT INFLUENZA.

When influenza is about, your main danger lies in letting yourself get run down. It is the people who are below par who catch it most easily and suffer most.

That is why doctors are advising people to start taking Wincarnis at once. Wincarnis is the perfect tonic in a delicious form. It is simply the purest of fine wine with all its valuable, stimulating properties reinforced with the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It creates new, rich blood, and builds up reserves of strength which remove any danger of your going down with influenza.

Just take a glass of this delicious wine three times a day, and very soon you will be practically immune. You will sleep better and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. You will be keener, brighter, more alert in all you do.

Start taking Wincarnis to-day. It has over 20,000 recommendations from medical men who have proved its value for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, and all sorts of run-down conditions.

PILES!

Piles, neglected, may cause blood poisoning, days and nights of agony—perhaps an operation becomes necessary. Man Zan gives immediate relief from pain and irritation. This antiseptic, soothing preparation gets right to the seat of the trouble. Obtainable from all chemists, Man Zan costs but 3/- per tube, including special nozzle applicator. Be sure you ask for—

MAN ZAN

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WANTED—a national wastepaper-basket for Parliamentary commissions! In the picture, from the left, are these chairmen—Viscount Chelmsford (British Industries Fair committee); Sir T. Inskip (Chancel Repairs) and Lord Kirkley (Economic Mission to South Africa)

Scrap the BLUE BOOK MEN!

WILL there never be an end to the increasing tendency in political life to-day to bury controversial questions beneath the ponderous weight of Royal Commissions and Departmental Committees?

Whenever a Prime Minister wishes at one and the same time to throw a sop to the public and avoid the necessity of taking any action he sets up a Royal Commission to enquire into the matter involved.

There then ensues a tremendous bustle of activity, the examination of scores of witnesses, who may or may not know anything about the subject, the compilation of a lengthy report—and that is the end of the matter. The report is quietly consigned to some dusty shelf in Whitehall, and beyond getting the taxpayer to foot the bill no other action is taken.

The Licensing Commission is a case in point. Although it sat for two and a quarter years, issued a 300-page Blue Book, and cost the taxpayer £20,000, it is already hardly anything more than a memory.

Everyone knows that no action is in the least likely to be taken on its findings. Everyone knows that the Government has plenty to do without raising the thorny question of licensing legislation in the House of Commons, and that if the report is not pigeon-holed already it very soon will be.

Money thrown away

The net result of all this elaborate enquiry is probably the £4,000 odd that has been received from the sale of the report to the public. It isn't worth it.

There are at least thirty other Royal Commissions and Committees still sitting solemnly investigating all sorts of things. Nobody knows what the ultimate cost to the taxpayer is going to be; but everyone knows that for all the practical good that is going to result from their enquiries they might as well never have been appointed.

A committee has been sitting for two years to investigate the infectious diseases that afflict freshwater fish. It issued an "interim" report in March, 1930, and is expected to issue another in the near future.

By that time the Government will certainly be in possession of a good deal of knowledge about freshwater fish and their diseases, though what they are going to do with it is not clear. Nor does anyone know when the committee is going to finish its labours and get off the taxpayers' backs.

In another couple of months a committee that has almost become a hardy annual will celebrate its third birthday.

This is a body that is trying to find out all about the Members of the House of Commons and their policies between 1264 and 1832. It has not even issued an interim report yet. It just goes on and on at our expense, delving into a peculiarly dry and useless piece of historical research.

If and when it ever reaches any conclusion no one has the least idea what is to be done with the knowledge acquired. Certainly it will not help to solve any of the pressing problems with which our statesmen are confronted to-day. It should be scrapped at once.

Not a squeak has been heard from a committee that was set up as long ago as October 31, 1927. Appointed to consider the codification and simplification of Income Tax, it has presumably been busy doing it ever since; but nobody seems to know how far it has got in dealing with an important subject on which information is desired.

The politicians' shelf

It is expected to disburse the fruits of its wisdom "very shortly"—but we are left to guess exactly what that means. And, judging by what has happened ever since some clever politician first thought of Commissions and Committees as an easy way of escape from awkward questions, we need not be too optimistic that when it *does* report anything will be done to give effect to its recommendations.

It is quite fair to say that in the last ten or fifteen years hundreds of thousands of pounds of public money have been spent in collecting a mass of variegated information that nobody wants.

It's about time an end was put to the whole useless and expensive system.

Sometimes a glimmering of sense appears. In 1909 a Departmental Committee was set up to enquire into Royal Commissions. To anyone but a politician this was a delicious bit of irony. In due course it reported that "Royal Commissions are useful for the elucidation of difficult subjects which are attracting public attention, but in regard to which information is not sufficiently accurate to form a preliminary to legislation."

That would have been admirable if legislation tended to follow the "elucidation of difficult subjects." As it rarely does, what is the use of these Commissions except to provide a way of escape for a Minister whose Department is under fire and who finds it impossible either to soothe or quell the storm of criticism that his action has aroused?

Since the war, Royal Commissions have sat on the Coal Industry, Forestry, the Fire Brigade, Honours, Food Prices, St. Paul's Bridge, India—and a score of other subjects, important and unimportant.

They have taken evidence, summoned witnesses, published costly reports, many of them with still costlier appendices, and spent large sums of public money in salaries, travelling expenses, corps of shorthand writers, stationery and postage.

In hardly a single case has one solitary recommendation been acted on!

Abolish them

In the ten years preceding the war these Commissions cost the country just over £600,000. What the present spate is going to cost no one can tell for some years to come.

It is certainly known that Sir John Simon's Indian Commission spent a sum running well into six figures, but for all the good it has done it might just as well not have spent a penny.

What we want, and want at once, is legislation abolishing all Royal Commissions. They are the most cumbersome, costly and futile method of getting information. Most of the questions referred to them could be settled far more quickly and cheaply by a small committee of business or technical experts who know all about the subject on which information is desired.

That is the way successful business runs its affairs, and there is no reason why the business of the nation should not be conducted on the same common-sense lines.

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to the sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelope "Slips."

THE OXFORD MAIL:—"Rind of one orange and two DEMONS."

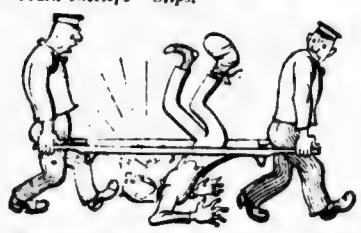
DAILY DISPATCH:—"With a lump in his UNDERSTANDING EYES and tears in his THROAT, Eric stole quietly away."

SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN:—"She knew what a blow it would be to proud Julia to discover that she was the scholarship boy's BROTHER."

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—"The cow ESCAPED, being cut to pieces by the engine, but was struck by the derailed coach and KILLED OUTRIGHT."

DAILY MAIL:—"A sixty-MALES-an-hour gale."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"On behalf of the DUCKY of Cornwall."



EASTERN EVENING NEWS: "—died in Windsor Hospital from injuries received ten minutes after admission"

THE WILTS AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE:—"There was the usual bright SINGING of the bells."

THE FOOD DRINK *that costs* LESS

4 FOODS IN 1

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA

WITH EGGS

There is great benefit in Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs for you and everyone you know. All-day energy for the strenuous worker. Blissful sleep at night. Staying power for the athlete. Strength and warmth for the school child. All from a steady regular diet of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs, the delicious meal that you make in a cup.

MILK—full-cream milk is in it—milk for nourishment and strength. MALT—purest barley malt—to aid digestion. Fresh English EGGS are added to build muscle and bone. And finest COCOA to keep out the cold. *Such a low price!* That the food-drink can be sold for as little as 7½d. per ½ lb. is a brilliant achievement of British enterprise made possible only by buying on a large scale and the most advanced methods of mass-production.

The meal that you make in a cup.

7½D PER ½ LB.

DOUBLE SIZE 1/2

These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

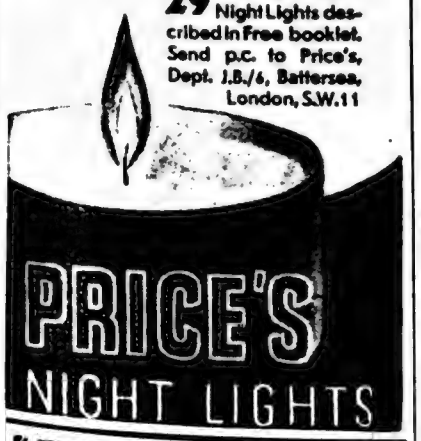
IS IT **BRITISH!** — YES, IT'S **FRY'S**

M.M.102 19132

the Friendly glimmer

For kiddies
For invalids
For the old folk

29 uses for Price's Night Lights described in Free booklet. Send p.c. to Price's, Dept. J.B./6, Battersea, London, S.W.11



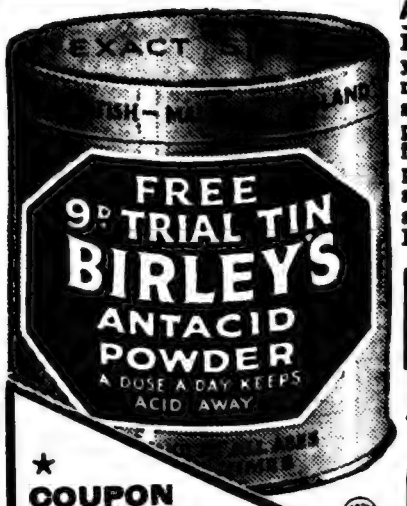
PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d. PER QR

MADE IN DONCASTER.

85 YEARS OLD *and* INDIGESTION CURED

Read Mrs. Oglesby's letter of thanks to Birley's Antacid Powder:—"*I had been a great sufferer for years from Indigestion, Constipation, Flatulence and other ailments caused by same. It is three years since I began with Birley's Antacid Powder, and I have found very great relief and benefit. Although 85 I have better health than I have had for years. I now take only one dose a day to keep down acidity. I have recommended the powder to many friends with equally good results. Make what use of this letter you like as it may lead others to take this valuable remedy.*"—Yours gratefully (Mrs.) M. A. OGLESBY, 26, Elliston Street, New Cleethorpes, Grimsby.



ACCEPT THIS FREE OFFER NOW

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is send coupon in ½d. stamped, unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (it is put up for Free Trial only and is not for Sale). It contains more than enough to prove it is the ONLY remedy for Indigestion and its kindred ailments. Birley's is tasteless and harmless. BRITISH LABOUR, BRITISH BRAINS & BRITISH CAPITAL MAKE IT.

BIRLEY'S

ANTACID POWDER

IS THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

★ **COUPON No. 73**

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., 16, Northdown Street, King's Cross, London, N.1.

Send FREE 9d. Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

FREE 9D TIN POST PAID!

Of all Chemists in 1/3, 3/- and 5/- tins only, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylors' Drug Co., Timothy Whites, Hodders, etc.

"CHEST COLD *removed overnight*"

"There are some remedies for everyday complaints which seem to be excellent for some people and useless for others. Your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment appears to me to be different. My entire little family (as well as friends to whom I have recommended it) find it removes a cough or chest cold overnight—without any 'ifs' and 'buts'."

Yours truly, (Mrs.) B. W., Putney.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is unequalled for affections of the chest and lungs, especially in pneumonia, 'flu, or with coughs, colds and sore throats. This clean, white ointment penetrates right down to the seat of the trouble. Its soothing, healing warmth draws out the pain and soreness, and loosens the congestion—without burn or blister. Always keep a jar handy in the house, because when you want it, you want it badly. Insist on the genuine Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Obtainable from all chemists.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

BRITISH MAKERS introduce standardisation into dry battery manufacture

A dry battery is a collection of small cells. Like a company of soldiers it operates most successfully when each individual is equally strong, equally efficient and equally energetic. That is why the FULLER machine-made and tested 'Super' Battery is proving its superiority under all conditions in the field of wireless. The FULLER cells are standardised by machinery. Each part, each detail, each ingredient is identical in every cell, no matter how many are turned out. Each step in construction is automatically correct. Result—a perfect dry battery. A battery, too, which is British-made. The perfection of the Fuller 'Super' emphasises the **benefit of Buying British.**

Fuller H.T. Dry Batteries are obtainable in all types and sizes, 60-120 volts, prices ranging from 5/3 to 15/3. Also Portable, Triple and Grid Bias Batteries and a full range for Torches, Flashlamps, Cycle Lamps and Electric Bells. Write for list D3.

Visit the Fuller Stand No. 22, N3 at the British Industries Fair, Birmingham.

FULLER

"SUPER" DRY BATTERY

EMISSION UP TO 20 MILLIAMPS.

Full list of other types and sizes with names of Local depots on application to:

FULLER ACCUMULATOR CO. (1926) LTD.
CHADWELL HEATH, ESSEX

Telephone: Seven Kings 1200
Telegrams: Fuller, Chadwell Heath

Contractors to British and Overseas Government Departments, Railways, etc.

Our Letter Parliament

DEBTS we PAY in Love

THE word "owe" is not in our matrimonial vocabulary. We are so ideally "one" after nine years of married life (in spite of trials of unemployment and adversity) that there has never been any question of indebtedness.

My allegiance, love and service balance his thoughtfulness, maintenance and care; his affection and desire to please reward my anticipation of his daily physical and mental requirements.

This system of "barter" allows no debt on either side, so for us that little word of three letters signifies nothing.—*L. T., Essex.*

Surprise

I was employed as a clerk in a coal merchant's office and fell to the temptation of supplying only nineteen bags of coal to the ton, on occasional private orders, thus gaining a little money for myself. I was found out and dismissed.

Telling my wife the whole facts, I was more than surprised a week later to receive a letter asking me to call and see my old boss, who informed me that I was to be reinstated through my wife's pleading.

She had been nursemaid in my employer's family, and by a plucky action had prevented his child from being burned to death.—*Black Diamond, Prescot.*

Honour Regained

The daughter of the village schoolmaster, I was enticed away from home at the age of eighteen, and eventually stranded with a baby.

Compelled to enter domestic service to support myself and child, I fell to taking my employer's cash.

The result was a police-court case. After being bound over, I received one day a letter from the policeman who had been entrusted with my case. The outcome was courtship and then marriage.

I now visit the village of my youth an honourable woman, thanks to my dear husband, who saved me from an unknown end.—137, *St. Helens.*

A Business Woman

Before our marriage my wife and I were employed in rival business houses. My firm looked like forcing the other to close down.

To prevent this, my wife approached her employer with a scheme for amalgamation. He welcomed it, so at her instigation I put the matter before my boss.

I was allowed to make the preliminary arrangements, and when the deal was completed I was promoted.

It is to my wife's sagacity and business ability that I owe my good fortune.—*Jay Kayenne, Birmingham.*

Befriended

Lying on her face among the long grass round a disused quarry was a young girl, betrayed by her lover and treated with contempt by her relatives.

A stranger passed by, turned and made enquiries as to the cause of her distress. He sympathised, pity begat love, he married her, and cared for her child as his own.

That is what I owe to my husband—my life, my reason, my very all.—*H. F., Banff.*

Averted Tragedy

When young I was gamekeeper on a private estate, and had a passionate temper and horror of deceit.

One day I found out that my son had told me a lie. Losing my temper, I rushed into the kitchen and took a loaded gun off the rack, vowing vengeance on the lad.

My wife watched me go, and suddenly called out, "David, the Squire!"

I turned, and she gently took the gun from me. I shall never forget her face. My son and I owe her our lives, as I should have shot him in my temper and then myself.—*W. W., Leicester.*

My Lesson

All the love in the world cannot repay my husband for his wonderful patience.

I was eighteen years old when married. Shortly after baby arrived I became bored with being tied, and wanted freedom.

For five years my husband looked after baby in the evenings while I went out enjoying myself. He loved me dearly, bore it all, and ignored all that was said against me.

It was not until my husband went to London, seeking work, leaving me alone, that I realised what an unworthy wife I had been.

Since our reunion I'm sure there is not a more attached couple.—*J., Shepherd's Bush, London.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, February 2.

MY GREATEST ACT OF FORGIVENESS

Lost Heart

With the failure of a bank, the bottom fell out of my world. My Army gratuity and years' savings were lost in the crash.

Christmas was upon us, rates, rent and children's school fees were falling due, and we had no money.

I completely lost heart, and to my wife alone I owe my position to-day. Her optimism steadied me. She schemed and economised, found a job, and, slowly we came through our difficulties.—*D. W., London, N.*

Wealth Abundant

Many years ago I was dismissed from a responsible post and prosecuted. This brought to light many disgraceful episodes in my life, things of which my wife had been ignorant.

My wife not only forgave me, but nursed me devotedly through the ensuing nervous breakdown.

I owe to her regenerated manhood, new faith in life and the knowledge that I am one of the richest men in the world—the possessor of a true woman's pure, unwavering love.—*R. P., Stratford, E.*

"Handyman" Wife

I owe my wife the wages that otherwise I should have paid to an odd-job man.

In addition to her normal duties, my wife has made herself responsible for repairing fences, paperhanging, whitewashing and painting on our little property.

She is also the estate carpenter, cobbler, wireless expert, tinker and rent-collector.

I am a hopeless "ninny" at manual work, and so she has taken over the handyman's duties—and right well she does them!—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

Called Back

I had been through a serious and risky operation. Many hours afterwards I dimly remember terrible agony and yet a beautiful feeling of peace, and a great content to be going far away, somewhere.

Then a strong grip on my hands, and a voice I loved calling me to come back to him.

I struggled terribly hard between a desire to stay or to go. He won, however, and with God's help I fought back to life and my loved one, and I honestly believe I owe my life to my husband.—*N. E. K., Upper Clapton.*

Our Eden

The sweetest little home a wife could wish for,
Built by his own dear hands, with loving care,
A tidy little lawn, a well-stocked garden
And fragrant flowers blooming everywhere.

Then, over all, his steady, deep affection,
That burns but brighter each succeeding year;
Old-fashioned, yes, but still to me perfection,
He's everything that my heart holds most dear.

And as we journey down life's hill together,
My only dread—the day that "death shall part,"
I feel there's nothing on this side of heaven
That I *don't* owe to hubby, bless his heart!—"*Eden,*" *near Oxford.*

* * *

One word covers what I owe to my wife—"Everything."—*Grateful, Sussex.*

Ten thousand words would not be sufficient to describe what my wife has been to me.—*W. E. S., Felixstowe.*

From the time I lost my sight my wife has been my constant companion, nurse and slave, and the world has never looked half so beautiful as since I have looked at it through her eyes.—*H. Cameron, Brighton.*

Our little heaven is our little home, and my wife is the little angel.—*Contented, Colwinston.*

I owe to my husband the fulfilment of the dearest wish of my life—motherhood.—*Mother of Three, Spalding.*

NOW—OR NEVER!

JOHN BULL'S Gift to its readers, the most popular ever made, will be withdrawn on February 3. It's now or never if you wish to take part in this generous offer. Cash the coupon which you will find on page 2. Apply to-day before it is too late!

The New Sunday Night craze

On an Entry Form or on a blank piece of paper about the size of a postcard, write your selection of the best eight Gramophone Records in the order of entertainment value (use key numbers only—see list at right). Altered or mutilated coupons will be disqualified. You may send in as many entries as you wish providing each entry is made on a separate piece of paper and a three halfpenny stamp affixed to each entry. Give your full name and address on each entry you send in.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 5.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE.

Fill in KEY NUMBERS ONLY. NOT the Record Numbers.

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, FEB. 4th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 5.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE.

Fill in KEY NUMBERS ONLY. NOT the Record Numbers.

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, FEB. 4th.

CUT HERE

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On Sunday, Radio Paris will be transmitting on 90 kilowatts and every listener should be able to "tune-in" this concert.

Listen to

RADIO PARIS at 10.30 and win £100

An additional prize of £25 is offered for Runners-up.

Hullo "John Bull" Radio Enthusiasts! How did you enjoy "John Bull's" Concert from Radio Paris last Sunday evening! Wasn't it splendid! "John Bull" wishes to thank the many who kindly said that they considered the Concert "the one bright spot in the Sunday evening programmes!"

When the hands of the clock point to 10.30 again next Sunday, "John Bull" readers may receive another thrill if they again tune-in to Radio Paris, for another of these popular concerts is to be broadcast.

Be sure to listen-in! There is a must be won prize of £100 and £25 for runners-up.

Listeners are asked to choose eight of the ten records to be played and place them in what they consider to be their order of entertainment merit.

Make an appointment with Radio Paris for next Sunday evening and win £100!

The result of Radio Contest No. 3 and the Judges' decision giving the order of entertainment value of 8 of the 10 gramophone records broadcast in "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 3 appear on page 38.

Rules and Conditions.

(1) On this page will be found a list of ten Gramophone Records, which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday, January 31st, commencing 10.30 p.m. Listen-in to these records—select what you consider are the best eight in their order of entertainment value—then fill in your selections accordingly on the Entry Forms provided or on a blank piece of paper the size of a postcard. When this contest is closed—that is after all entries have been received—these records will be judged by a committee of three entertainment experts, who will select the eight best in their order of entertainment value. "John Bull" will pay the sum of £100 in cash to the entrant whose selection on one form agrees or most nearly agrees with the award of the experts. The judges will award the prize to the entrant whose placings of the entertainment value of the eight records selected correctly proceeds furthest down the list in accordance with the order decided upon by the committee of experts.

The decision of the Committee of experts in connection with Contest No. 5 will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale February 11th. The name of the winner will be announced in "John Bull" on sale February 18th.

(2) Entry Form must be filled in by the entrant in ink, and must not be mutilated or altered or left incomplete.

(3) Entrant's name and usual address must be written as directed on all Entry Forms. Each Entry Form must be cut out and must have one 1½d. stamp affixed to the space provided thereon. Entries may also be sent in on plain paper, the same size as an ordinary postcard, enclosed in an envelope, but each entry must have a 1½d. stamp affixed.

(4) The entrant may enclose all his attempts in one envelope, which must reach the address below not later than noon, Thursday, February 4th.

RADIO CONTEST No. 5,
"John Bull,"
3, Arne Street,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5) Proof of posting is not proof of delivery, and no responsibility is undertaken for any entry form or claim lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the £100 prize and the £25 for runners-up will be equally divided. No entrant can win more than one share of the prize.

(7) The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

(8) Entrants are required to accept as final the result of our careful searches and entries are accepted only on this condition.

(9) Employees of "John Bull" and associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Here are the Ten Records!

Below is a list of the ten Vocalion Broadcast Gramophone Records which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday evening, January 31st, commencing 10.30 p.m. When filling in your Entry Form quote only the "key" NUMBERS of the Records you select.

Key No.

1. **SOLDIERS' CHORUS "FAUST"** Broadcast 3130-A. *Played by* BAND OF H.M. WELSH GUARDS.
2. **KISS ME "GOODNIGHT"** Broadcast 3126-A. *Vocal Duet by* BOB & ALF PEARSON.
3. **I APOLOGISE.** Broadcast 3142-B (*Fox-trot*). *Played by* JACK HARRIS AND HIS GROSVENOR HOUSE BAND
4. **SANDY, THE MAGISTRATE** Broadcast 788-A. *Humorous sketch by* SANDY POWELL.
5. **"CAVALCADE" SUITE** Broadcast 3121-A. TUNES FROM 1899 to 1930—Part I.
6. **NAW, I DON'T WANNA BE RICH** Broadcast 802-B. *Sung by* MONTE HUNTER.
7. **GUILTY** Broadcast 793-A. (*Fox-trot.*) *Played by* HARRY ROY AND HIS R.K. OLIANS.
8. **THE SONG OF SONGS** Broadcast 3122-B. *Sung by* TERENCE O'BRIEN.
9. **EVERYONE'S FAVOURITES FROM GRAND OPERA** Broadcast 3108-A. GRAND OPERA COMPANY WITH FULL ORCHESTRA.—Part I.
10. **IN A PERSIAN MARKET** Broadcast 795-B. *Played by* EDWARD O'HENRY —Wurlitzer Organ.

Result of "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

SECTION 1:
11 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 2:
47 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 3:
11 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of names and addresses of winners can be seen at "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified and cheques despatched.

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

CRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 84 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 80 x 80ins. 6lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY. Any article can be sent on approval. Write for 68 page Catalogue and Bargain Sale Leaflet. Carriage Paid. Prices from £3 cash. TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Full Approval. Catalogue Free.
J. G. CRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

What is Catarrh?

How to recognise it—how to get rid of it quickly, pleasantly, certainly.

BEWARE INFLUENZA!

Doctors say that four out of five people suffer from some form of catarrhal trouble. Doctors say, moreover, that it is an insidious scourge whose presence is often quite unsuspected by its victim, but whose effects are all the more serious because they are consequently allowed to go unchecked.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucus membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucus membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs, and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body.

This diagram shows how the catarrhal infection spreads into all the minute passages and channels of the respiratory system, till the inflamed tissues choke the tiny airways.

How to Know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if there is constant discharge from the nose and an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing and noises in the head. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because Catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

The only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. Ointments cannot do this, nor can liquid sprays reach more than the outer parts, while no stomach medicine can affect the passages of throat and nose.

Fortunately there is one remedy composed entirely of medicinal herbs which is unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time.

How to Prove It.

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., etc., get a packet at any chemist to-day or send a postcard or the coupon below and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.

FREE PACKET.

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121. F.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4

Please send by post your Trial Package, containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

(Print with pencil very very plainly.)

£2,000 in cash (1st prize £1,000) and 1,000 handsome consolation prizes are offered in an interesting novel competition, "Stalking the Storks," on page 27.

FREE!

A Set of any 3 preparations offered by HARLENE will be sent to readers who

Send the Coupon in the advertisement on the Back Cover.

LADIES! A BIG BARGAIN! FURS AT HALF PRICE

REDUCED FROM 30/- TO 15/6

FOR 1/- WITH ORDER

PRICE 15/6

A Bargain no Wise-Buying Woman should miss. 500 Rich Brown Rabbette Ties originally sold at 30/- to be cleared at the cut price of 15/6. Every Fur 52 ins. long. Natural Claws and Tails. Lined Good Quality Art. Silk. Guaranteed to give excellent service. All orders dealt with in strict rotation.

SEE BELOW FOR DEFERRED TERMS. Send P.O. for Departmental Catalogue stating requirements.

JAMES BEST LIMITED
DEPT. J.B.B.
24-26, FEATHERSTONE ST., CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

HOW YOU PAY.
Deposit 1/- & 6d. for postage. Fur is forwarded immediately. Pay Balance by Fortnightly Instalments of 1/6.

BOSS or UNDERLING

Which of these WILL YOU BE?

THE underling, content, or forced, to hold a minor post, always at everyone's beck and call, or will you climb up and up into the better paid jobs which come to those who show most technical ability? At work you learn to be what you are, and no more. It is away from work where you must prepare to rise to the big posts. This need not take long; an hour a day spent with an I.C.S. Spare-Time Course will give you the finest training of its kind in the world. It will fit you for a higher position in one of the Trades or Professions specified below. During the last 40 years nearly 4,000,000 students have benefited by these Courses. Great success has come to tens of thousands of them—why should it not come to you? Write to us for information as to how you can get on in life by improving your knowledge of your chosen calling.

COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., Dept. 135, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your Booklet containing full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training *before* which I have marked X. I assume no obligation.

☐ Accountancy and Book-keeping.	☐ Mining.
☐ Advertising.	☐ Poster Designing.
☐ Architecture & Building.	☐ Poultry Farming.
☐ Civil Service.	☐ Railway Equipment & Running.
☐ Commercial Art.	☐ Salesmanship.
☐ Commercial Training.	☐ Scientific Management.
☐ Draughtsmanship.	☐ Textiles.
☐ Fashion Illustrating.	☐ Window Dressing.
☐ French and Spanish.	☐ Wireless Engineering.
☐ Insurance.	☐ Woodworking.

☐ Engineering, all branches, state which.....

☐ Examinations, state which.....

The I.C.S. teach wherever the post reaches, and have nearly 400 Courses of Study. If, therefore, your subject is not in the above list, write it here

.....

Name ..... Age.....

Address .....

Sensational NEW SERIES OF X-WORD PENSIONS STARTS THIS WEEK

"JOHN BULL'S" RECORD X-WORD LIFE PENSION

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE - or £1,250 CASH

EXTRA £50 FOR RUNNERS-UP

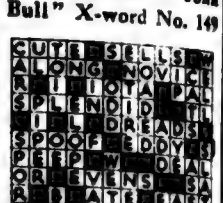
FOR solving this easy and amusing puzzle, "John Bull" offers this week the sensational prize of £3 A Week for Life. There is a cash alternative of £1,250, whilst runners-up will share £50. Study the clues below and you will soon be filling up the fascinating little squares. Then see that your entry is in by Noon, Thursday, February 4th, and the half-hour you spend now may bring you an income for life.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 11th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 18th.

(Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

Winners in X-Word No. 148 appear on page 33.

Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 149



JB 149

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 149 is given here, with as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, February 4th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, February 18th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, March 1st,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

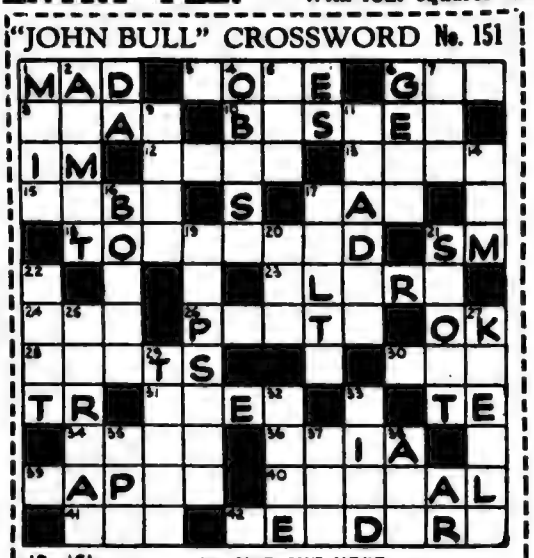
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible.

No Claims required.

ENTRY FEE. **With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING.** **See Rule 1.**

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 151



JB · 151

DO NOT CUT HERE.

JB · 151

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

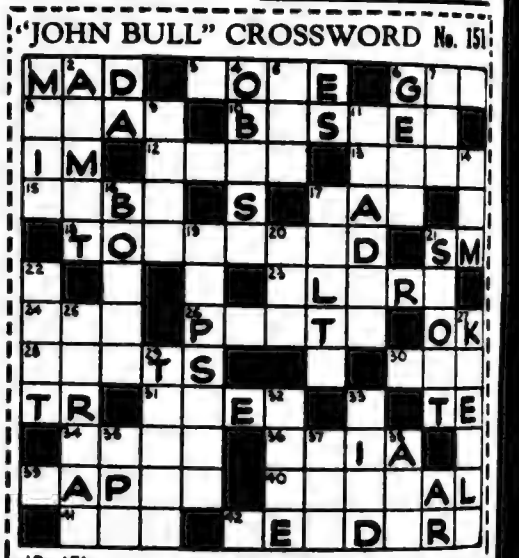
1. Insane.
3. Explains that cooing.
6. Actor's is sometimes tiresome.
8. First man.
10. Cook does this to roasting joint.
12. Used for food.
13. Headstrong.
15. Schoolboy's letter shows shortage of these.
17. Impair.
18. Staggered.
23. Watchful.
24. Consume.
26. Footballer does this, as he races down field.
28. Birds live in these.
30. Bookie sometimes has to do this.
31. A particular.
34. An island.
36. Eastern continent.
39. Provides light.
40. Relating to the teeth.
41. A youth.
42. Essential to newspapers.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Brings your water.
2. Allow to enter.
4. Fleshy.
5. Tradesman's vehicle.
6. Varies speed of motor-car.
7. Donkey.
9. Nearly all.
11. Occupations.
14. Often altered by woman.
16. These are found in locks.
17. Snow does, under sun.
19. Mugs help with his income.
20. Horses did, in race.
21. Corpulent.
22. This is caused by careless handling.
25. Picks up wireless programme.
27. Verger often does this at church.
29. Covered with tiles.
32. Constructed.
33. Mighty force, but invisible.
35. Health resort.
37. The ocean.
38. Consumed.

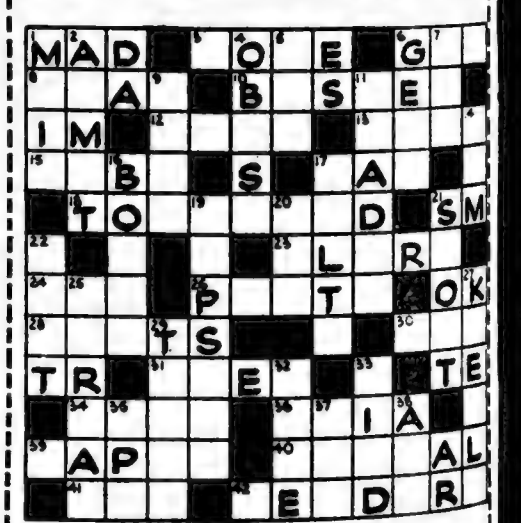
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 151



JB · 151

DO NOT CUT HERE



JB · 151

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1932

☞ **ADDRESS ENTRY:—"John Bull" Crosswords, No. 151, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

ANOTHER HUGE LIFE PENSION FOR NEXT WEEK'S X-WORD!

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

Light-hearted Replies to Facetious Correspondents

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

T. D. (Frome).—"What is a Cubist?" An artist who tries to get new angles on his subjects.

D. M. (Colne).—"Do you often wonder what is in my mind?" No, we never worry over trifles.

T. M. (Baldock).—"Did I tell you that we have a new maid coming to-day?" What was she like?

T. M. (Clacton).—"I must stop now as my foot has gone to sleep." Great Scott! Can it read?

G. M. (Grendon).—"What should you advise me to take for a severe attack of the 'flu?" The very first offer.

A. K. (Bromley).—"Have surgeons nerves of iron?" We imagine so, judging by the bills they send in.

T. M. (Wigan).—"What part of the country do you think produces the cleverest men?" Our native town.

E. M. (South Shields).—"What should I put in my garden at this time of year?" A few hours' work every day.

H. F. (Gargrave).—"Does anyone sell sixpenny cigars nowadays?" Many shops; but they charge from a shilling to eighteenpence for them.

H. H. (Kew).—"Don't you think to-day's fashions are very trying to married women?" No more than to married men who have to pay for them.

TAILOR (Aberystwyth). — "Do you think the fashions in men's clothing will be the same as last year?" In many cases they will be exactly the same suits.

MRS. T. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"What did you think about the baby being born in an aeroplane last week?" The youngster's got a flying start.

BUTCHER (Sheffield).—"Would you believe that I had some blocks of ice stolen from my basement during the week-end?" A cool theft, that.

T. W. H. (Brighton).—"What do you think would happen to a girl if she wore old-fashioned, coarse clothing?" Nothing.

G. A. (Hampstead).—"What do you think of this poem I wrote on the top of a 'bus?" That it is a very good argument for the return to single-deckers.

J. G. (Stonehaven).—"Is it true that an Aberdonian invented Rugby football?" Very likely, as free kicks are a big feature of the game.

E. R. (Dundee).—"Why do people with a sense of humour usually have thin wrists?" Possibly to enable them more easily to laugh up their sleeves.

R. M. (Burnley).—"Can you find room for the enclosed article?" Yes, the office boy emptied the w.p.b. about five minutes ago.

G. M. (Ingatestone).—"Why do fussy people go to a manicurist before attending a whist drive?" Well, it is one way of making sure of having decent hands.

F. L. (Cheam).—"What do we see in our English country lanes to-day?" Motorists lying in the mud trying to find out why the wretched thing won't go.

W. G. (Bath).—"I see that a film producer wants to hear from any girl who thinks she has a film face." We may expect a strike of postmen any time now.

G. M. (Ely).—"Do you think some people play the piano just to kill time?" Yes, and they often succeed in murdering the tunes, too!

M. P. (Nuneaton).—"We are now teaching baby to talk." Which means that presently you'll be teaching him to keep quiet.

L. J. (Chadwell).—"What is the smallest weekly allowance a wife can manage on?" The most you can give her.

H. V. (Mortlake).—"I can afford only one suit. What have I got to be thankful for, I should like to know?" Why, for the fact that you can't leave your season-ticket in the other suit.

H. M. (Glasgow).—"Am I not right in saying that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is only human after all?" If you would leave out the "human" you'd be more accurate.

FILM STAR (Elstree).—"What would you say if I told you that this time I am marrying for love, and love only?" That you have decided to go off the gold standard at last.

W. T. (Basingstoke).—"Every University-trained man should be able to get a job with a local government authority." Isn't that rather a sweeping statement?

W. K. (Rugby).—"A second-hand car seldom goes well." Except as a joke.

N. K. (Brixton).—"Where in London is it possible to get uninterrupted sleep?" In Whitehall.

J. O. (Stoke).—"What is the best way to preserve rabbit skins?" Leave them on the rabbits.

P. S. (Taunton).—"What does the average man spend his money on?" Pay day.

H. E. (Leeds).—"I am receiving a steady stream of threatening letters. What had I better do about it?" Pay your income-tax.

E. D. (Wimbledon).—"Do you believe that a Hollywood scenario writer is now working on four separate stories at once?" No; it is probably one scenario and three carbon copies.

W. A. (Stourbridge).—"I think that the use of Americanisms in this country should be stopped." And how?

JIM (Coventry).—"What would you consider the most appropriate fireside game?" Poker.

OWNER-DRIVER (St. Albans).—"When do you get most out of your car?" When it breaks down.

N. M. (Hampstead).—"Uninteresting and boring parties give me a headache." Then why not keep away from the House of Commons?

DOCTOR (London, W.).—"Men are as intricate as our most wonderful machinery." And some of them need just as much oiling.

W. S. (Margate).—"A twelve-year-old Marseilles girl persists in mistaking six for three." We shall watch her career in the ladies' shoe business with keen interest.

D. R. (Gravesend).—"My brother got a temporary Government job a year ago. Now he is doing nothing." We're pleased to hear that he's been able to keep the job so long.

MAISIE (Tooting).—"I am after a husband with money." Does his wife know?

A. T. (Lincoln).—"Who are the best judges of horseflesh in England?" We should say cats.

B. M. (Colchester).—"I write to amuse myself." But your letters make us laugh too.

P. P. (Dover).—"What is the most severe penalty for bigamy." Ultimate release from the safety of prison.

T. M. (Hull).—"I am not easily put out." Never mind—our commissionaire loves a bit of a tussle.

H. M. (York).—"I get paid by results." How much do you owe the boss this week?

R. M. (Truro).—"I expect you get some stupid letters." But why expect when you know.

T. M. (Everton).—"My brain was on fire, and . . ." There was a smell of scorching wood.

COUNTRY GIRL (Watford).—"What do waitresses in London earn?" Far more, as a rule, than they get.

P. M. (London, W.).—Some swindlers have charming personalities." Taking ways.

C. N. (Arundel).—"Is anyone too poor to buy novels?" No; but many novels are too poor to buy.

B. R. (Dundee).—"Not one drop of liquor ever touches my lips." Do you take it in gulps or use a straw?

G. M. C. (Plymouth).—"Do you know what is going to happen to the pound in the coming years?" No—but page 43 tells you what's going to happen to five thousand pounds. They're going to somebody who makes up a good "Bullet."

"CIRCUS" (London, N.).—"The elephant never forgets." Unfortunately, elephants never become restaurant waiters.

JANE (Bristol).—"My husband, who is a stage carpenter, is very difficult to live with." Does he even create scenes at home?

F. K. (London, S.).—"How did you guess I had just sold my piano?" We received a jubilant letter from your next-door neighbour.

F. K. (Lewisham).—"Many single men are leaving the country." But what's the use? It's Leap Year everywhere.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ADAMSON
Before and After

Weak Kidneys are serious!

"Every Picture tells a Story."

NEVER was there greater need for a special kidney tonic—for a medicine to put an end to backache, urinary disorders, dizzy attacks, rheumatic twinges, headaches, lassitude and other warnings of kidney weakness.

The times we live in are partially responsible. Worry and anxiety, as well as colds and chills, help to strain the kidneys. You cannot expect to feel better until the kidneys are strong and active again, and the way to effect this is to use Doans Backache Kidney Pills.

Men and women of all ages have obtained relief from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Dropsy, Backache and Bladder Disorders, thanks to DOANS.

"LAID UP FOR WEEKS AT A TIME"

On 10th March, 1900, Mr. C. Bloomfield, 177, Convamore Road, Grimsby, said:—"The acute pains in my back from which I suffered often forced me to take to bed for weeks at a time. I was also subject to splitting headaches and dizzy bouts; the kidney excretions were disordered and caused scalding.

"It was a good thing for me I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put the kidneys right and rid me of the lumbago."

Sold by all Dealers 3/- also at 1/3,5/-

On 15th August, 1931, Mr. Bloomfield said:—

"I have been free from lumbago and other kidney troubles these thirty-one years. I have only Doan's Pills to thank for this.

(*Signed*) C. BLOOMFIELD."

Do as Mr. Bloomfield did. Insist upon DOANS.

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd.
(Dept. 18.A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

THE 1931 RECORD!

35 Out of 46 "Bullets" FIRSTS WERE WON BY READERS OF The Leader

The Recognised Authority on Competition Matters

DURING last year, readers of THE LEADER won over £30,000 in "BULLETS" and succeeded in carrying off 35 out of the 46 first prizes which were offered in this particular competition!

Doesn't this conclusively prove that if you want to have a real chance of winning the splendid prizes being offered in BULLETS this week (coupons on page facing this advertisement), you simply can't afford to be without the invaluable help which is to be found in the current issue of THE LEADER.

★ **Current winning lines are carefully criticised by 'Scrutineer,' who explains why they have met the judge's eye and the various interesting points in their construction. A great deal of valuable knowledge can be obtained from this expert analysis of lines which have already won.**

★ **All the examples in the £5,000 BULLETS offer are analysed by 'Sphinx,' who encourages your thoughts by suggesting likely efforts and giving specimen lines. Many first prizes have been won by competitors who have followed these notes and acted on the information given in them.**

—and now ANOTHER New Feature:

BRICKS & MORTAR By ARTHUR C. FINDON

SOLVES 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD
You will also find a reliable solution to the current J.B. Crossword, together with further squares which you can use.

This is a feature for the benefit of new competitors and those who have yet to win their first big prize.

Certain examples are taken from the current offer and by careful analysis and construction, lines are fitted to them. A warning is also given of those ideas which are likely to be duplicated.

Remember—you must have THE LEADER!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 2D.

Over 660,000 copies sold every week!

YOU would be delighted with *one* cheque for £1,000, but this week's First Prize means five times more than that. The first £1,000 payment to the winner is to be followed by another—and another—and another—and another!

If you enter the best *Bullet*, a cheque for £1,000 will be your immediate reward. And then, every five years until payments totalling £5,000 have been completed, JOHN BULL will send you a further fortune of £1,000.

Someone must step up to the top of this sensational prize-list and receive that First Prize telegram which will be flashed to the winner on Friday, February 26. Take steps to be that winner!

Your first step is to study the winning efforts below. Your next step is to make up some good *Bullets*, following the simple instructions on the opposite page. And your last is to enter them by Saturday, February 13, using the coupons provided.

OVER £900 CASH WON IN "BULLETS" No. 833

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 AND £3 A WEEK THROUGHOUT 1932

Mr. A. E. SHEA, 267, Beaconsfield Road, Southall, Middx.

Example:—STOPPED
Bullet:—MY OUTING'S, CHANCELLOR'S "DRIVE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. M. PATTISON, The Avenue, Blackwell, Worcs.
Example:—Select Committee
Bullet:—Rise—Our Bed-time Settled?

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. MORLIDGE, 219, High Street, Tunstall, Staffs.
Example:—Tough Luck
Bullet:—Postman Bitten, Delivering Muzzle.

10 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

J. BOYD, 64, Elba Street, Newton, Ayr, N.B.
Stopped—Alpine Enthusiast—Pound's "Toboggan."

R. COLLINS, 28, Benacre Road, Ipswich.
Man Who's Got Everything—Excites Envy—Envies Excitement.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss L. GLEDHILL, 349, Wakefield Road, Bradford.
Our Method—"Insane"—Success Maddens World.

R. GRACEY, 109, Elder Street, Govan.
Our Method—"Paste"—Then Lend "Dough."

R. W. LEE, 113, St. George's Road, Brighton.
With A Trembling Hand—On Needless Gun, Civilisation.

W. McNAUGHTON, 18, Tenth Avenue, Newcastle.
Chancellor's Harvest—"Surrender" *Enhancing* British Prestige.

H. C. MITCHELL, Auctioneer, Barnet, Herts.
Spending More—Induced By "Reduced To."

T. ROLAND, 8, Napier Road, Cowley, Oxon.
Foreign Goods—Save Pence—Cost Salaries.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. SPORLE, 30, Heath Road, Thornton Heath.
Slave To Tradition—Mustn't Be Nation's "Driver."

P. W. WYATT, 29, Norman Avenue, Ecclesbill, Bradford.
Spending More—"Laying Out" *Reviving* Britain.

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

G. BELCHAMBER, 85, Star Lane, London, E.
Moving In—Another "Load" Swaying Father.

S. CAIN, 7, Eaton Avenue, Eaton Road, Chester.
Select Committee—"The Chosen" Wasting Money!

T. B. COLLINS, Monk Hesleden, Co. Durham.
It's Leap Year, So—"Single" Hearing "Treble" "Double."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. R. GOMERSALL, Walton House, Harrison Street, Ancoats, Manchester.
Chip Of The Old Block—Farmer—That's His Stumbling-block

Mrs. L. GORDON, 25, Admiral Walker Road, Beverley, Yorks.
Slave To Tradition—Unaffected By Criticism's "Lash."

Mrs. E. JOBSON, 12, Elsdon Street, Felling-on-Tyne.
Man Who's Got Everything On "Cert." Wants Certifying.

J. MEECHAM, 93, St. Bernards Road, East Ham, E.
Chip Of The Old Block—"Splinter" Seldom "In Hand."

G. PIKE, 83, Paynes Road, Southampton.
The Drink Question—Dry Up—We're Starving!

B. RUTHERFORD, 80, Shipcote Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Rubbing Her Eyes—Sale Morning—Evening, Ribs.

H. WILLS, Wyndcliffe, Victoria Gardens, Neath.
Select Committee—"Long Stretch" *Before* "Verdict."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 50 10/- and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 832 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Billingsley, 140, Spencer Street, Everton.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& /Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible

FREE HELP

Send this coupon for a twelve weeks' supply of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*. Its valuable hints may bring you the £5,000 prize.

I enclose 6d. Postal Order No.....(crossed "& Co." and made payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on twelve issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

£5,000 WILL BE PAID IN 2, 3 OR 4 WEEKLY INSTALMENTS ON THE BULLETS '5-YEAR PLAN'

ENTER BY SAT. FEB 13

If you win John Bull's Sensational First Prize—

you will become entitled to payments totalling £5,000 under the "Bullets" Five Year Plan. Immediately after the Editor's telegram on Friday, February 26, a fortune of £1,000 will be yours, with another £1,000 cheque to follow in five years' time. Three further fortunes of £1,000 each will follow at five-year intervals, thus completing your £5,000 reward for half-an-hour's work.

THE BULLETS FIVE YEAR PLAN

This is not a Life Pension—it is better! These five £1,000 cheques will definitely be paid to the winner or his dependents.

Such a prize may never be offered again—win it whilst you can!

FIVE FORTUNES FOR ONE 'BULLET' WHICH YOU CAN MAKE!

£200 SECOND
£50 THIRD
10 OF £5,
10 OF £2·10,
25 OF £1,
50 OF 10/-
1000 OF 2/6
12,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

IF PREFERRED, WINNER MAY CHOOSE ONE LUMP SUM of £3,500

HOW TO WIN THIS GIANT PRIZE

DURING the next **half-hour you can fit together a few words and win one** of the biggest **prizes ever offered by JOHN BULL.**

To make up the ***Bullet*** **which may bring payments totalling £5,000** you have merely to add any **TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS** of apt and original comment to one of the ***Examples*** on this page.

Thus, taking **MIGHTY POWER as your *Example*,** you might add the words **WHAT'S "INVESTED IN BRITAIN" to complete a *Bullet*.**

Do not, of course, **use this specimen effort. Examine the winners on the** opposite page and see **for yourself how an ordinary thought which might occur** to anybody can be **polished by neat wording into a prize-worthy *Bullet*.**

You have until **Saturday, February 13, to get your *Bullets* in, but the best** time to start on them **is to-day. Draw your chair up to the fireside this evening** and tackle the **fascinating job which may bring you independence for life!**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 837 usually purchase their copies of "John Bull."

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(837) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 13. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(837) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 13. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(837) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 13. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

CHOOSE FROM THESE "EXAMPLES"

HUMANITY'S TASK	RECIPE FOR SUCCESS	NOBODY'S FAULT
THE PASSWORD	PLEASANT SURPRISE	WOMAN'S WAY
MAN OF THE FUTURE	TO HELP US	NATURE'S SECRET
FIRES OF UNREST	BE SENSIBLE AND	BEATEN
MIGHTY POWER	WORTH STUDYING	MY HOBBY
FOR INDIA	OUR MINISTERS	WHILE HE SLEPT
FOOLED	HER FACE	NOT WORKING
WAKENS MEMORIES	THE ANCHOR	IT'S ALL UP WHEN
ON AND OFF	DEPENDS ON DAD	CONFIDENCE TRICKSTER
SHOCK FOR THE CHANCELLOR	NEVER FAILS	SOCIETY QUEEN
LEAVING BRITAIN	LEADING THE WORLD	DISCHARGED
TRIUMPHAL MARCH	SOOTHING	IN LIFE'S TRAFFIC
SAVED FROM THE WRECK	TORCH OF PROGRESS	THANKS TO THE HOSPITALS
POORLY		

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(837) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 13. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(837) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 13. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
837) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 13. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s
Signed _____
Address _____

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 837, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

BUY a NEW Life

Yeast-Vite

THE

WONDER TONIC OF THE AGE!

NEW Lives for Old! Strength instead of Weakness! Quick Relief from Pains! Lasting Health, Buoyancy and Perfect Fitness.

This is what 'Yeast-Vite' is achieving for thousands of Nerve-racked, Sleepless, Pain-Burdened, Worry-Worn, Vitality-Sapped Men and Women. That is what "Yeast-Vite" offers YOU—a *New Life* for your *Old* One!

Two or three 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets—a glass of water—and Suffering is charmed away. Disorganised functions are rectified, Pains are vanquished, Depression is lifted Fretful Nerves are Calmed and Soothed

Yeast-Vite is a scientifically accurate combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae) Vitamins (especially the Anti-Neurotic Vitamin "B") and other valuable Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by the Leading Specialists.

In every large town and small village chemists are selling 'New Lives' to thousands of Pain-racked, Depressed, Despondent, Sleepless and Ailing Men and Women! Larger and larger grows the Amazing Public Demand for the Wonder Tonic of the Age—'Yeast-Vite.'

NO CURE NO PAY!

Our Offer

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic Tablets from Any Chemist. Try the Treatment AT OUR RISK, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY, and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, Herts, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets. All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

Wonderful Results From a 'Harlene' Hair Beauty Bath

FREE Offer to All!

Make your hair softer, more lustrous, more gleamingly entrancing than ever before—give it a "Harlene-Hair-Beauty-Bath" to-day. Notice the added Beauty, the glorious "Vitality," and "life." Just secure a sachet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder and a bottle of "Harlene" Hair Grower.

Shampoo your hair with "Cremex." Its abundant creamy lather is super-cleansing and highly beneficial.

When your hair is dry massage a little "Harlene" gently into the scalp with a circular "kneading" motion. That is all! But "Harlene" acts as a 'Champagne Tonic' to every hair root—Super Beautifying.

FREE

If you wish to test 'Harlene' Preparations entirely FREE you may choose *any three* and secure them simply by posting the coupon.

1 'HARLENE' HAIR-GROWER

'Harlene' is the most widely used and most successful Hair Grower and Hair Health Promoter. It is the Hair's *True* Liquid Food—the Champagne-Reviver of the Hair Roots—the foe of all Hair Troubles.

It conquers BALDNESS, Loss of Life and Lustre, Brittle, Splitting and Weak Hair, Scurf, Dandruff, etc.

TO BALD MEN!

Baldness, Thinning at the Temples, Impoverished Hair, etc., make you look Old and Care-worn. Massage "Harlene" into your scalp for TWO MINUTES a day—the difference in 7 days will amaze you!

All Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per Bottle.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

'Cremex' is the Queen of Shampoos—unequalled for its cleansing power. Free Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Those who use a Brilliantine will find none to equal 'Uzon.' Especially beneficial to those with over-dry scalp. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle.

4 'HARLENE' WAVE SETTING LOTION

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods—protects against Fog, Mist, Damp, and even Sea Air. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills! 1/3 per bottle.

5 'ASTOL' for GREY HAIR

If your hair is Grey you should use 'Astol,' which quickly restores the Hair to Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *Please state which numbers are required.* John Bull, 30.1.32

EDWARDS' HARLENE Ltd.
20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

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